EDUCATION
Saturday Review
JUNE 24, 1972 50¢

The Union Merger Movement– Will 3,500,000 Teachers Put It All Together?

Spearpoint! Sylvia Ashton-Warner on America Today

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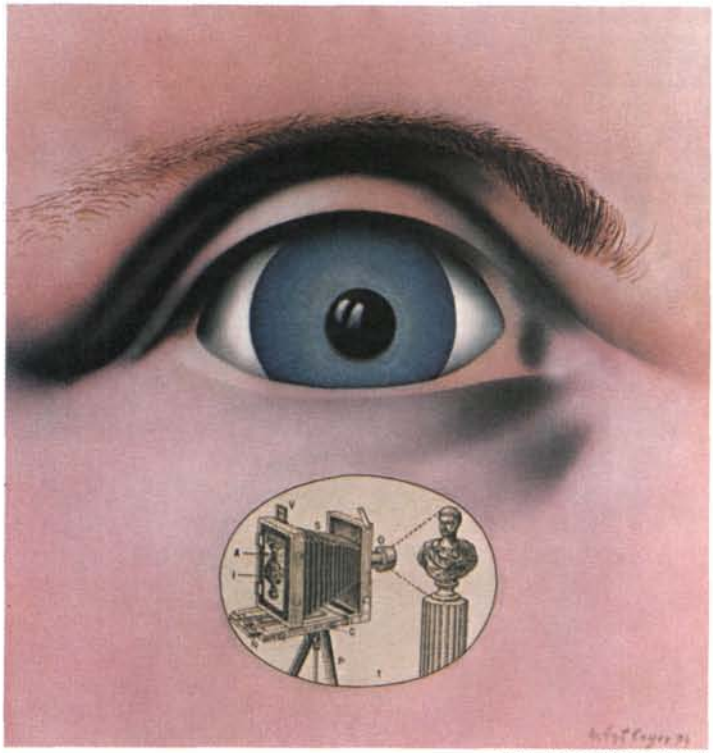
The ideal

We must teach our children not only what to see but *how* to see.



artist: herbert bayer (1934)

The real

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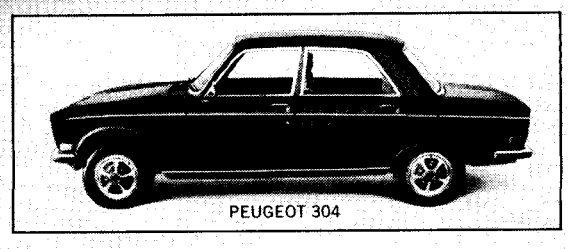

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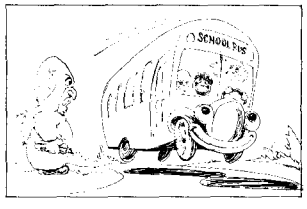

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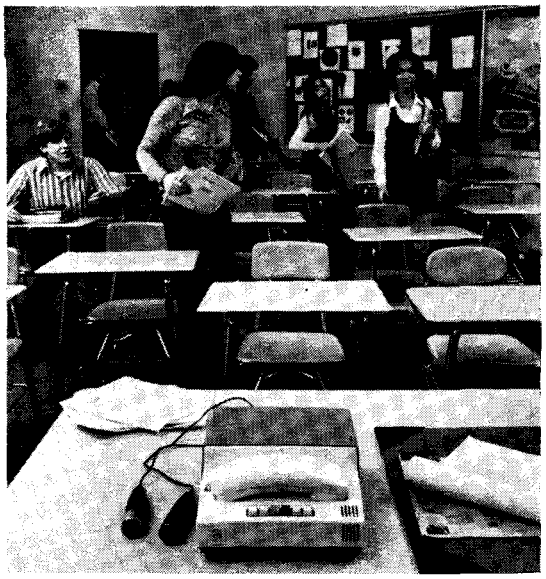

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Can you name the most exclusive club in the U.S.? No, not the Racquet Club. Or any of the well-known gathering places for sport and newspaper reading. It is a club called MENSA. There are no ethnic, racial, or sexual bars, but if your I.Q. is less than 140, don't bother to apply. When the members get together, they do a lot of thinking and talking. After business meetings, they entertain each other with a variety of puzzles and problems.

Which brings me to a new book by James F. Fixx. It is called GAMES FOR THE SUPERINTELLIGENT. Jim Fixx (who used to write for this magazine) first learned about MENSA on a magazine assignment. He surprised himself when he scored triumphantly on their admission test and was inducted into MENSA. After attending a few meetings and listening as the members swapped brain-teasers with each other, he realized that he had stumbled into a mother lode of puzzles and that perhaps those less well-endowed might have fun trying to solve them.

GAMES FOR THE SUPERINTELLIGENT contains dozens of excruciating mindbenders. It outlines techniques used by the superbrights to solve problems. There is a section on intelligence tests and how to handle them. It even has a group of puzzles based on the MENSA test with which you can measure your own intelligence. Don't try the tough ones if you're on a downer.

Here's an easy one just to get you warmed up: A snail is at the bottom of a well thirty feet deep. It can crawl upward three feet in one day, but at night it slips back two feet. How long does it take the snail to crawl out of the well? I could tell you, but why spoil your fun?

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

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SR
UP FRONT

JUNE 24, 1972

How to Get Interviewed by Dick Cavett —In Several Tricky Lessons

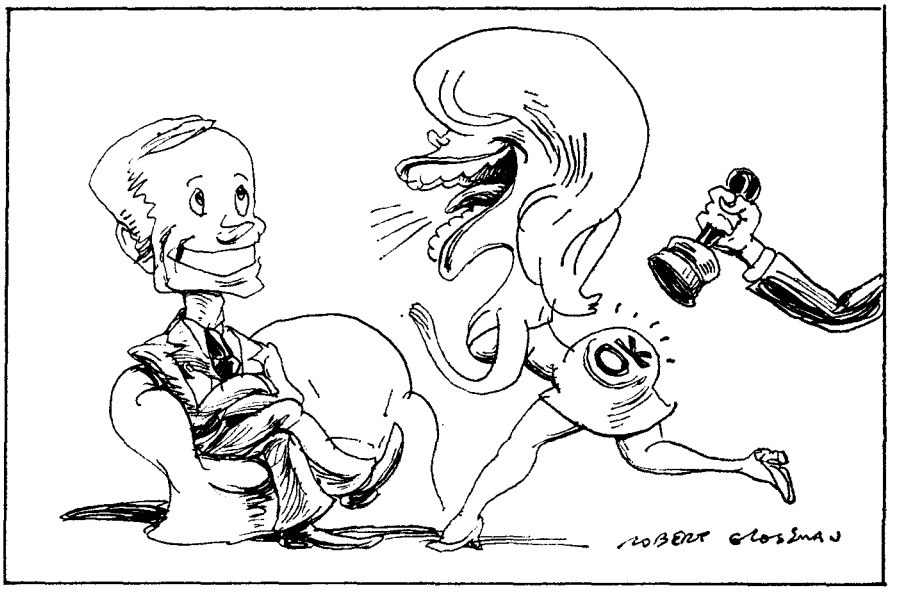
BY GEORGE MALKO

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Not long ago I was invited to appear on *The Dick Cavett Show*. Well, not quite. Actually, I was summoned in order to let Cavett's staff preinterview me to discover whether or not I would be "*Cavett Show* material" when discussing a book I had just written. I flunked the test. I'm not bitter about it. In fact, I'm inclined to agree that, even though the show was not in trouble then (as it is today), the appearance of a relatively unknown writer such as me would not have boosted its Nielsen rating.

In any case, the experience made me wonder what one has to do, or have done, or simply *be*, in order to make it onto the show. Accordingly, I set about discussing the matter with a few friends who *have* appeared, with others like myself who were preinterviewed but didn't make it, and with a few of Cavett's preinterviewers as well.

I've always assumed that the show reflects Cavett's personal taste more than anything else. The first thing I asked Sandy Harmon, a strikingly lovely television writer and talent coordinator for the show, was what kind of people Cavett can't stand. "He's very uncomfortable with borscht-belt comedians," she replied. "He's uncomfortable with dumb starlets. He's uncomfortable with people who he thinks are saying things that don't have facts to back them up. He's uncomfortable with people who sort of drone on and are boring."

George Malko's first writing job was as a preinterviewer and reporter for the Tex & Jinx *radio show. He is the author of* Scientology: The Now Religion.



"If we find a pretty girl who also talks, she can almost invariably get on a talk show."

Then I asked her what kind of guests Cavett prefers. "He's best with bright, intelligent people whose subject he's interested in," she said. "He's also good with people he respects, people he feels a certain amount of adulation for."

That seemed to explain why Cavett had recently devoted his entire ninety-minute show to conversations with Jack Paar and Fred Astaire. But I had also noticed that Cavett still seems to seek out people who are generally unknown. What are his criteria for selecting unknowns? I asked. "First of all," Sandy said, "if we find a pretty girl who also talks, she can almost invariably get on a talk show. We're forever looking for pretty girls who can talk, because the *Cavett Show*, if you've noticed, very rarely has girls. There aren't very many girl talkers. There're occasional women talkers, like Margaret Mead, but there aren't many young, pretty girls who also can hold a conversation with Cavett. Johnny Carson can fool around with them, act sexy, look down their dresses, make a couple of sly remarks, roll his eyes, and get an interview out of that. Cavett doesn't do that. He tries to find a girl he can have an intelligent conversation with."

Was this the toughest part of her job, finding attractive girls who can talk? I asked. Sandy shook her head. "The hardest is selecting the unknown men," she said. "They have to have done something; they have to have written something—most probably a nonfiction book, with a title that is a salable title like *Insomnia* or *What You Can Do About Your Eating Habits*, something that's of major concern to the public—and then must be able to talk about it in a sprightly, bright, intelligent manner, adding new information, making you go 'Ohhh' and 'Aah,' or something."

A few days later I talked to Mike Brandman, a former Cavett talent coordinator who had left the show to return to the theater. He is now company manager of the Broadway production of

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Two Gentlemen of Verona. We discussed the fact that simply having some notable accomplishment wasn't enough to get on the show. One still had to get through the preinterview.

Mike said: "All of the unknowns—the people who are not celebrities—must be preinterviewed. That includes practically all writers, most athletes, most scientists, most politicians, but very few movie stars." The reason preinterviews are murder as Mike explained it, is that there is no way the subject can know what a talent coordinator is looking for and have it all together, ready and waiting. Another obstacle facing most unknowns is a kind of underground that operates among all of the talk shows. "If someone bombed on one show," Mike said, "chances are they won't be asked to appear on one of the others."

But even that shouldn't be taken as any kind of a rule. Frank Deford, who wrote the very well-reviewed and well-selling history of the Miss America Pageant, *There She Is,* had not bombed on any of the many local and national talk shows he did. But he blew his Cavett preinterview and still doesn't understand why. When Frank talks, he is lively and bursting with all kinds of interesting facts. When his publisher told him he was going to be preinterviewed for *The Dick Cavett Show,* Frank was delighted. He likes Cavett, finds him one of the few hosts who asks genuinely searching questions, and listens to the answers, besides. So Frank said he went to a lot of trouble to prepare himself for his meeting with the talent coordinator. "I was all dressed up," he told me, "slicked my hair down, had a nice sun tan, did everything but put on make-up."

When Frank Deford arrived at the show's production offices, he did not know, of course, which of the five talent coordinators would conduct the interview with him. He told the receptionist why he was there and was asked to take a seat while she let somebody know he had arrived. Frank sat down and suddenly became aware of his apprehension when he realized how much trouble he had taken to make himself look presentable. "Kind of like a job interview," he recalled.

He sat patiently for several minutes until another girl came out, saw him, and remarked, "Oh, I'm so glad you've come." She then handed him a blue bag full of dirty laundry. The embarrassed receptionist quickly intervened and managed to explain that Frank had not come for laundry. The girl reddened and apologized profusely, but as Frank put it to me, "I thought it was kind of a bad omen."

Finally, he was ushered in to meet Bridget Potter, the talent coordinator who would preinterview him. A pretty girl, she seemed both serious, almost stern, and revved up, exuding a kind of intense savvy. She looked Frank over briskly, then told him quite bluntly she hadn't read his book and didn't think she was interested in him. Naturally enough, that threw him off balance. Then Bridget seemed to change her mind suddenly. She leaned back in her chair and asked him to summarize his views on Miss America. Frank, a tall, good-looking Princeton man of thirty, suggested she read the first chapter of his book. "She didn't like that at all," he told me. "That wasn't the response she wanted." Seeing her consternation, however, he had laughed and said, "Miss America is nothing to get worked up about."

Bridget ignored the remark and said, "You know, last year on the show we had the Miss America who quit."

"Who?" Frank asked.

"The Miss America who quit."

"There's never been a Miss America who quit," Frank said, and that got Bridget mad. "Listen," he continued, "you're talking to the Miss America authority." They finally got it straight that there had been a *state* queen, Miss Montana of 1970, who had quit, and her story plays a large role in Frank's book. Things, he felt, were not going well.

"What do you think of Bert Parks?" Bridget asked next.

Frank had found Parks to be a fair, honest man, fully aware of the pageant's more unpleasant aspects. Telling her this "burned the hell out of her," Frank recalled. Bridget soon revealed that Parks had flatly *refused* to appear on *The Dick Cavett Show* with the state queen who had quit.

Frank looked at Bridget for a few moments and then asked, as amiably as he could, "Do you want me to go anti-Miss America? Is that it?" The preinterview was over.

"No show knows what it's looking for when it starts," Sandy Harmon told me, when I said I thought turning down Frank Deford had been a mistake. "Cavett had no identity in the beginning. So his staff built the show," she continued. "I don't think any of us had much experience in talk shows. Everyone was very new in the business—I used to write children's programs: *Laurel & Hardy* and *Bozo the Clown*—and everybody had an immediate affinity for Cavett because he was very bright and because he was very sweet and because he was very modest and he seemed a lovely guy and very scared, too. We worked hard to build him, but we didn't know what we were looking for. There were many people I did turn down, and it was strictly instinctive." But Bridget was trying to *manufacture* controversy, I argued. Instinct is fine, but she wanted a fight! Look at the time Lester Maddox and Jim Brown got in a fight on the show, I reminded her. *Anybody* could have told Cavett that would end with Maddox's walking out.

"That show was not built directly for controversy," Sandy countered quickly, and then added, "but it wasn't built so that none of it should happen." No, she insisted, it was all basically a question of instincts. "If the guest interests me, if I think it will be a learning experience, or an amusing experience, or will open people's heads, or is somebody Dick will really like, they get on. If I'm falling asleep at the interview, or I have to construct it myself, or they're dull, or if they wander . . . no. It does become instinctive. You do know what works and what doesn't after a while. I'm sure I've made mistakes; I'm *not* sure, but I might've made mistakes. Melvin Van Peebles, for example. Perhaps he's a wonderful talk-show guest. But when I met him, he rambled. Dick would not have liked him then. This was before he was famous. Once you're famous, things change."

When Melvin Van Peebles was first considered for *The Dick Cavett Show,* he had not written, produced, and directed his film *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song,* which went on to earn more than $11 million, and it was before *Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death* and *Don't Play Us Cheap,* his two Broadway hit musicals, had opened. He was a black man, living in Paris, who had published a couple of novels, had recorded a couple of albums, and had made a modest, well-meaning film called *The Story of a Three-Day Pass.*

Van Peebles finally did make the show and proved to be genuine show material, totally self-assured, and exuding a kind of dangerous-dude image that people dug. But that was later. During one of his early preinterviews, the talent coordiator, Jean Doumanian, kept eyeing him nervously and, as Van Peebles later told me, "acted as if she didn't know if I was going to start saying dirty words."

Why doesn't Cavett tell you exactly whom he wants and leave it at that? I asked her. "There was a time," Sandy Harmon said, "when we were all supposed to submit booking ideas. Cavett would get this list, and he'd write on the edge, 'Good,' 'Sounds interesting,' 'Explore,' 'Terrible!' 'I hate him,' 'And what about . . .' and then he'd add some ideas of his own. That lasted about four weeks."

The power resides with the talent coordinators. Anybody on the staff can make suggestions, but a talent coordinator can say no. That's the case even when it's somebody everybody agreed should appear. Allen Garfield, star of last year's

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sleazy hit movie, *Cry Uncle,* was such a person. His movie was a phenomenal hit, and Garfield had quickly come to personify more than the standard antihero. With his bulky frame and insurance adjustor's hang-dog expression, he was a celebration of unsavoriness.

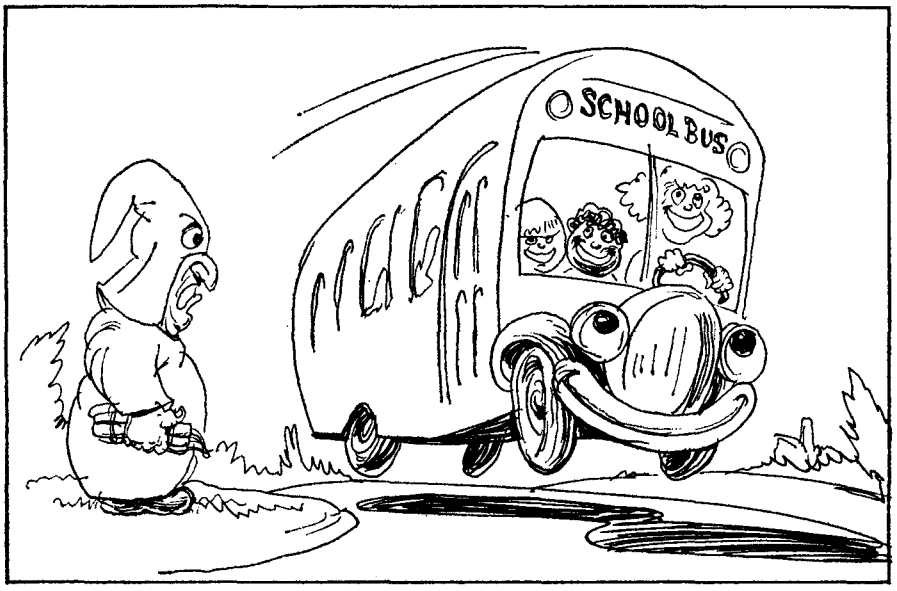
It didn't take long for Bob Cunniff, who did the preinterview, to realize that Garfield was not "bright, enchanting, or wonderful." His answers were bland, and there was absolutely none of that revelation of personality, that spark that tells the talent coordinator this is going to be more than just a straight, dull, question-and-answer thing. Cunniff worked long and hard, trying to get *something* Cavett could use. Finally, in desperation, he said, "Okay, if *you* were Cavett, what question would you ask yourself?"

Garfield thought a moment, then answered, "I'd ask: How do your mother and father, and all your relatives, feel about seeing you running around naked on the screen, chasing girls and all that?"

Even though it was the most standard of how-did-it-feel-to-be-naked-up-there questions, Cunniff lit up and said, "Great! What's the answer?"

"Oh, they didn't mind too much."

Allen Garfield did not make *The Dick Cavett Show.* □



Despite opposition from the Ku Klux Klan and other segregationists, busing goes well in Pontiac.

They Don't Burn Buses Anymore in Pontiac

BY WILLIAM SERRIN

PONTIAC, Mich.—At about 7:15 every weekday morning, Mrs. Janice Zehnder, a housewife and mother of two, drives her car into the Pontiac school district bus yard at Saginaw and Montcalm streets, just south of the gigantic General Motors Pontiac assembly plant and foundry complex in this grimy factory city of 85,000, thirty miles north of Detroit. Mrs. Zehnder parks her car, walks across the lot, and climbs into school bus number three. If the bus has dirt on the floor, she gets a broom and sweeps it out.

Meanwhile, another seventy-five or so drivers climb into other buses, sweep them, and rev up the engines. The early morning bustle smacks of the commotion just before reveille on an army company street. The drivers—blacks, whites, men, women—josh and poke each other. It is easy to forget that on this spot last August ten buses were dynamited and burned in protest against the city's school busing plan.

At 7:25, Mrs. Zehnder, who is white, brown-haired, and in her early thirties, drives bus number three slowly out of the yard, turns down Montcalm, and drives to her first stop—McConnell School at Willard and Paddock streets—where about twenty black grade-school children scramble aboard. She waits about five minutes for stragglers to arrive, and then, with about thirty children on the bus—all but one of them black—drives to the McCarroll School on the white side of town. The ride takes another five or six minutes.

There is much exuberant banter among her passengers during the ride. Then the children pile off and race toward the school building, and Mrs. Zehnder proceeds to her other stops, picking up kids and depositing them at two other schools in Pontiac. In the afternoon, she plies her course in reverse. Across Pontiac other buses make similar trips, transporting children to school in the morning and back to their neighborhoods in the afternoon. Mrs. Zehnder, like the other drivers, feels that everything is "fine." The children are no problem, she told me one day recently when I rode with her. In fact, she says, they are a delight.

In Pontiac, the first large northern city to be ordered by a federal court to bus children to achieve school integration, busing goes much better than expected. The children seem happy. For the first time in several years, the city, which has approximately 23,000 blacks and Mexican-Americans, has not had to close a school because of racial strife. The President may oppose busing; most congressmen may oppose it; most parents in Pontiac may oppose it, including blacks. But two facts remain: First, Pontiac schools would not be integrated without a busing program, and, second, that program is working. "The majority of our kids seem to get along fine," says Pontiac School Superintendent Dana Whitmer. "We got a lot of love going on," adds Andrew Petress, director of the city's Human Relations Commission.

Bringing busing to Pontiac and subsequently integrating its school system was a tortuous process. It began in 1969 when the 1,500-member Pontiac National Association for the Advancement of Colored People filed a class-action suit against the Pontiac school system on behalf of a black Pontiac woman, Mrs. Sadie Davis, and her son Donald, charging that the Pontiac schools were segregated in violation of the *Brown* v. *Topeka* U.S. Supreme Court decision of 1954, which held that segregated schools were inherently unequal.

The Pontiac chapter received little support from the national NAACP; it thought the case could not be won. In February 1970, however, U.S. District Judge Damon J. Keith, a black jurist appointed by President Lyndon Johnson, ruled that the Pontiac schools were indeed segregated and observed that between 1964 and 1970 city leaders had drawn and redrawn school districts so as to keep the system segregated. Judge Keith ordered the school board to institute a busing system to achieve integration. Pontiac's enrollment is about 33 per cent black. Under the Keith plan each of the city's thirty-six predominantly white schools were to become 20 to 36 per cent black.

The Pontiac seven-member school

William Serrin is a staff writer for the Detroit Free Press.

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board responded by appealing Keith's ruling to the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati, which held the case for more than a year as it waited for the U.S. Supreme Court to express its position on busing as a method to achieve school integration. In April 1971 the High Court, after considering a Charlotte, North Carolina, school case, ruled that busing was one method that courts might properly use to bring about school integration. The circuit court thereupon upheld Keith's order. The matter, however, was still far from being settled.

During the summer an antibusing organization called the National Action Group (NAG) came into being under the leadership of a handful of militantly segregationist white mothers, including Mrs. Irene McCabe—the voluble, blonde housewife who later marched 620 miles to Washington to dramatize the NAG position. An antibusing rally was held in Pontiac's Wisner Stadium. Alabama Governor George Wallace expressed his support for the local segregationists. On the night of August 30 a hole was cut in the chain-link fence surrounding the school bus yard, and ten buses were dynamited and burned. The loss cost the city about $50,000. Two weeks later the Federal Bureau of Investigation charged six alleged members of the Ku Klux Klan with conspiracy in the crime, including Robert Miles, the leader of the Michigan Klan. (Michigan, where Governor Wallace won 51 per cent of the votes in the Democratic primary this May, has long been a stronghold of the Klan in the North.)

On September 7, the day school opened, five women chained themselves to a gate at the bus yard to prevent buses from leaving. They were arrested, as were four other women who sat down in front of the gate. White pickets ringed a number of schools and yelled "Nigger, Nigger" at black children and black teachers. Rocks were thrown at buses. At Alcott Elementary School, sheriff's deputies and state police had to be called in to escort black children to their classes.

Only 66 per cent of the white students attended school on opening day. There were bomb threats and a number of clashes between white and black students. On the second day of school, attendance climbed to about 72 per cent. For the rest of the week, despite sporadic outbreaks of violence between white and black students, the percentage of students attending school did not drop far below the 80 per cent. White parents started a campaign to establish freedom schools, but although nearly 1,500 children registered for these schools in the first week, the number of those who attended them soon dropped sharply. It is now estimated that about 150 to 200 students attend these private all-white schools.

By Friday of the first school week the situation was getting back to normal. Protests continued, however. On September 15 the National Action Group massed pickets outside General Motors' Fisher Body plant in Pontiac and forced GM to close it down after a majority of the 4,200 workers refused to cross the line. In October, Senator Robert Griffin, the Michigan Republican, asked for a constitutional amendment to prevent busing, stating that the Pontiac busing program was "counterproductive" and was resulting in "bitterness and polarization." The Detroit area's suburban congressmen, most of them whites with reputations for being relatively liberal, soon capitulated and joined Senator Griffin in declaring that they, too, opposed busing.

The majority of students evidently felt differently. When asked his opinion of busing, a fifth-grader replied, "It's great." Another white student commented: "We've got a lot of friends who are black. . . . I don't want to stay out. I want to see my friends."

What many of their parents oppose, of course, is not busing in and of itself but—despite their claims to the contrary—integration. To begin with, Pontiac does not have a particularly massive busing program. About 9,000 children, or 37 per cent of the city's students, are bused under the Keith integration order. The longest distance any must travel is about six miles, a trip that takes about thirty-five to forty minutes. The average distance is about two-and-one-half miles, a trip that takes fifteen to twenty minutes. Many students have less than a five-minute bus ride to school.

There is no busing for kindergarten children; they attend their neighborhood schools. In grades one to six, students are bused for three years—either from grades one through three or from grades four through six. In the years they are not bused they attend their neighborhood schools. In junior high school grades seven through nine, students are bused two of the three years. The third year they go to school in their neighborhoods. There is no busing in the city's two high schools, which were integrated several years ago. Thus, students are bused three of seven elementary years and two of three intermediate years—or five of the thirteen years they spend in the Pontiac schools.

The large-scale violence predicted by many parents and politicians has not materialized in Pontiac. L. Brooks Patterson, an attorney for NAG who is using the publicity gained from his efforts to run for Oakland County prosecutor, insists that the school board is hiding or refusing to count racial incidents. Mrs. McCabe, the NAG leader, seconds Patterson's charge. Yet there seems to be little substance to what they say. Victor Boucheart, executive secretary of the Pontiac Education Society, observes that while racial incidents in the Pontiac schools do occur, as they do in all urban schools these days, "there are, if anything, fewer incidents now with racial implications than there were before the Keith plan was instituted."

That busing and integration are going as well as they are in Pontiac is a tribute to the majority of the parents and students as well as to the Parents-Teachers Association. (Last fall the PTA efforts and other positive programs received little attention from the press, which concentrated on Mrs. McCabe and NAG and on the bombing and demonstrations.) Certainly, there has been little assistance from the city's business and labor leadership, particularly General Motors, which employs about 35,000 in the Pontiac area, and the supposedly liberal United Automobile Workers.

General Motors historically has declined to take sides on controversial issues. David Doherty, executive director of the Pontiac Urban Coalition, explains that if GM had attempted to work for busing, this would have been resented by the Pontiac working class, whose members cannot afford to escape the city as the executives have done. Yet, surely, General Motors could have made funds available and exercised influence as it has for years in other areas of Pontiac community life.

The UAW, which traditionally hails the working man's nobility and intelligence, lacked the courage to confront its membership on the busing issue. "The UAW hasn't done anything," Superintendent Whitmer says. Would working-class whites have been less violently opposed to busing had the UAW attempted to inform its members about school integration? One suspects so but will never know, since UAW's leaders failed to take any action.

It is too early to say whether integration will increase achievement in Pontiac classrooms. Tests will be taken at the end of the school year and the results compared with those of tests taken when school began last fall. To ensure that the findings are valid, Pontiac officials plan to extend this testing program over a three-year period.

William Waterman, one of the attorneys who argues the Pontiac case in federal court, believes the tests will show that both black and white students are making more progress in their studies. In reply to blacks who oppose busing—as does Roy Innis, director of the Congress on Racial Equality, and as did the

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Dear Alfred,

thought you might be interested in the following tidbit! Was watching BBC last night, an interview with W. H. Auden. The interviewer (fortunately more articulate than most) was probing Auden's background in the natural sciences — his father a physician, his original intention to be a mining engineer — asking Auden whether he felt this to be in conflict with his literary work. After replying "no", Auden said he thought it might be interesting for people to know that he subscribed to no literary journals, whereas he did take the Scientific American and "a marvelous magazine called Natural History."

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National Black Political Convention whose members recently adopted an anti-busing resolution in Gary, Indiana—Waterman says that isolation always has been destructive to blacks. He believes that most blacks approve of integration and notes that black leaders who oppose busing are for the most part not elected officials who know that their constituents favor it. Waterman points out that many white workers in Pontiac are themselves trapped in squalid working-class ghettos and adds, "Until all people, black people and poor white people, get together, neither will have a real voice."

In March, nine Pontiac students went to Washington to testify before the House judiciary subcommittee conducting hearings on a proposed constitutional amendment to ban busing as a means of integrating schools. The gist of their testimony was that integration was working in Pontiac and that they did not wish to return to the segregated system. Chris Reynolds, a fifteen-year-old white student, said, "Maybe someday we can be not only a United States but a united people." Maria Alfaro, an eighteen-year-old Mexican-American, stated, "Kids always thought that we of Mexican background sneaked around with knives ready to stab them. But since integration we have made many new friends of all races." Marty Brown, a black, added, "There is a new kind of learning this year. We're learning from one another, and also what the entire Pontiac community is all about." □

Rumors in the Vatican: The Next Pope May Not Be Italian

BY NINO LO BELLO

VATICAN CITY—In a new Italian film, *L'Udienza* (The Audience), currently making the rounds of Italy's cities, Amedeo, a hillbilly from the provinces, goes to Rome determined to have a talk with the Pope. There follow some Kafkalike adventures during which Amedeo never gets his papal audience. As to what he really wants to communicate to the Pope, the naïve farm boy never says out loud. But at one point he does whisper his secret into the ear of a distinguished Jesuit theologian, and the latter is moved to tears—but at the same time he loses his appetite. The viewer is never told what the secret is, or what it has to do with the Vatican.

Secrets at the Vatican are today and have always been a way of life. And one of the biggest secrets of all right now is whether or not Pope Paul VI intends to retire in September when, on the 26th of that month, he reaches his seventy-fifth birthday. Paul himself, in a decree issued on his own initiative, ruled that officers of the Roman Catholic Church should give up their executive responsibilities when they reach seventy-five.

So it is in the cards, and the big question these days behind the sturdy Leonine Walls is, Will Pope Paul abdicate in September? If he does indeed go to the Eucharistic Congress to be held at Udine in northern Italy during September, will His Holiness use that occasion to announce his resignation? Of course, in a country like the state of Vatican City, which is afflicted with rumor-tism, there are rumors, and then there are rumors—but Paul VI is keeping a tight pontifical lip.

Cardinal Jean Villot

With the possibility that he does resign this September, the puzzle of who would succeed him begins to loom large. Who will become the 265th pontiff in succession from St. Peter and take over the helm of the Roman Catholic Church at a time when the church is undergoing its shakiest period since the Protestant Reformation? Crucial though that question may be, there is an even bigger one that grips everyone inside the 108.7-acre enclave today.

And that is, Could the next Pope be a non-Italian?

The last non-Italian Pope was Adrian VI from the Netherlands, who served 450 years ago. Although many of the world's 550-million Roman Catholics would probably welcome a non-Italian pontiff, if only to give the papacy more of an international image, the rock hard facts of Vatican life are that the power structure within the Sacred College of Cardinals is what, in the end, often decides which man is chosen to ascend Peter's Throne.

However, the situation in mid-1972 is different. Take a look at the following arithmetic and see why the election of a non-Italian this time around is a strong possibility—one not to be ruled out.

The membership of the College of Cardinals, at this writing, is 119, an all-time high. Not long ago Pope Paul decreed that any cardinal over the age of eighty not be allowed to vote. Since 28 cardinals are octogenarians, the effective voting number boils down to 91. Sixty-one votes are needed, therefore, to elect a Pope under the Vatican's two-thirds majority rule.

Now check into the numerical strength of the various Italian and non-Italian cardinals who are eligible to vote. On the one hand, there are 37 Italian cardinals —of whom 10 are over eighty and will not be casting a ballot. On the other side of the ledger, significantly, there are 14 South American cardinals, 13 North American, 12 French, 8 Spanish and Portuguese, and 5 German. All the other remaining cardinals from other parts of the world make a combined total of 30. Thus, the number of "foreign" cardinals comes to 82, of whom 18 are ineligible because they are octogenarians; this reduces the "foreigners" to a voting strength of 64.

Presumably, if the non-Italians stuck together, voting as a bloc (something that has never before happened), they would have enough votes to meet the two-thirds requirement—with even a few to spare. As a dedicated Vatican-watcher, I do not consider this at all improbable, especially since it is known there is a favorable climate among several of the Italian cardinals themselves for a Pope who was not born in Italy.

Given the arithmetical possibility of a non-Italian Pope, which men can we say are considered today, in Vatican circles, as the ones with the best chances—i.e., the *papabili*? (*Papabili* is a slang Roman word for the men who stand a good chance to become Pope.)

Despite some prominent Italian cardinals who are front-runners, four "foreigners," in my considered judgment, are *papabili*—a Frenchman, an Austrian, a Belgian, and an American (the last one, however, is not even a cardinal—yet a real dark horse nonetheless).

Undoubtedly, French Cardinal Jean Villot, the Vatican Secretary of State, stands the best chance of becoming the successor to Pope Paul, a prospect that is giving French diplomatic quarters

Nino Lo Bello is the author of The Vatican Empire *and a freelance writer in Vienna.*

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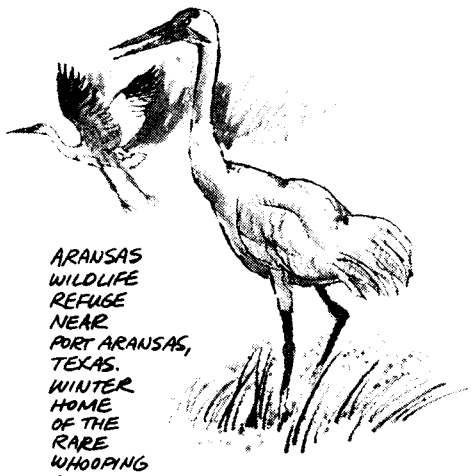
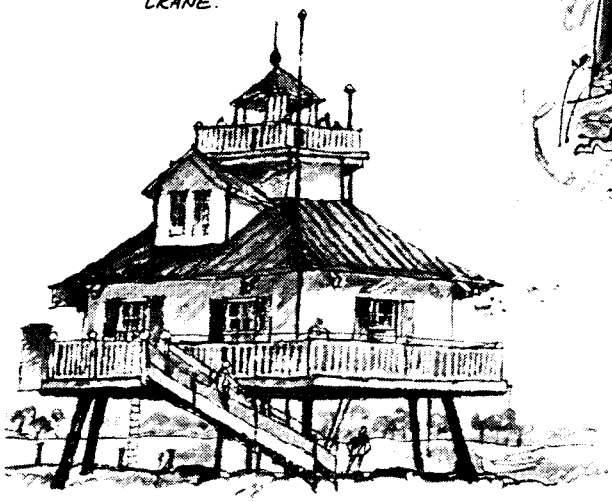


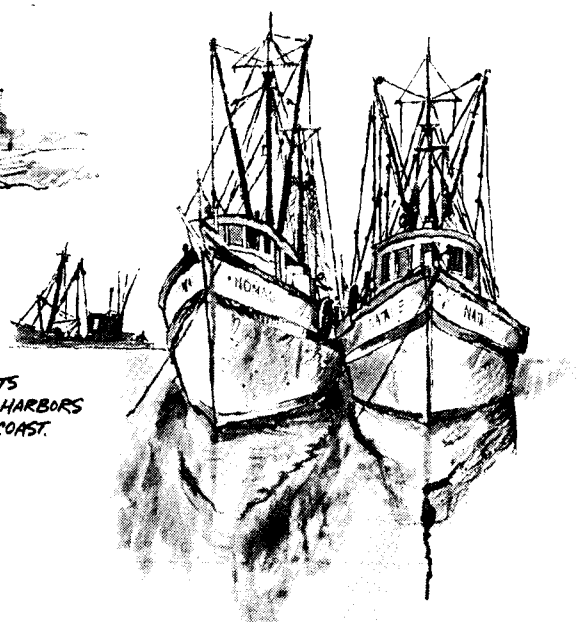
ARANSAS WILDLIFE REFUGE NEAR PORT ARANSAS, TEXAS. WINTER HOME OF THE RARE WHOOPING CRANE.

REDWOOD FORESTS SCATTERED ALONG NORTHERN CALIFORNIA'S COASTLINE.

PICTURESQUE GALENA, ILLINOIS— LONGTIME MISSISSIPPI RIVERBOAT STOP.



CHARMING LIGHTHOUSES ALONG THE MARYLAND SHORELINE OF CHESAPEAKE BAY.



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Cardinal Franz König

a feeling of exhilaration right now. Pope Paul himself is known to favor Cardinal Villot and has indicated several times he would like the Frenchman to succeed him. Paul has appointed the former archbishop of Lyons to be his *camerlengo* (chief chamberlain), which means that if His Holiness were to die or resign, the Frenchman would be in charge of church affairs until a new Pope was elected.

Leaning a bit left of center in his politics, Cardinal Villot, sixty-seven, is a man of action and few words. As Secretary of State (the second most powerful Vatican office), he has delighted the world's bishops and the cardinals in Rome by speeding up the Vatican's bureaucratic processes.

Not long ago, after giving his staff shorter hours and one day off a week, he instituted a practice whereby priests who have spent all their working lives at Vatican desks are sent to spend a day each week in local parishes in or outside Rome "so that they can sharpen their awareness of practical problems." As "vice pope," a sobriquet often pinned on him, Cardinal Villot has been recruited by Pope Paul to serve as a mediator in a number of testy confrontations, as, for example, the time in 1969 when the Dutch bishops exploded on the issue of priestly celibacy.

Strong as Cardinal Villot may be, the Vatican's so-called *Ostpolitik* could easily undermine his chances. For should the cardinals be seeking to create during the Seventies and Eighties greater understanding between the Vatican and the Communist world, Austria's sixty-seven-year-old Cardinal Franz König would now stand at the head of the list. Highly respected in Eastern Europe, Cardinal König is an exceptional linguist with a good, working command of most of Europe's languages, including Russian. He is plain-spoken and is revered for having been an open foe of Nazism.

A farm boy by birth, Cardinal König lost his father at an early age, and to get an education he and his mother made great sacrifices. After attending the Gregorian University in Rome, he was ordained a priest in 1933, and two years later he won a doctorate in theology. Later he studied law and Oriental languages at the University of Vienna, where he developed a lively interest in the problems of young people and the working class.

Cardinal König, who is archbishop of Vienna, was recently used by Pope Paul to make several ground-laying trips to Hungary, which eventually brought about the release of Cardinal Mindszenty, who had spent fifteen years in voluntary seclusion in the American Embassy in Budapest.

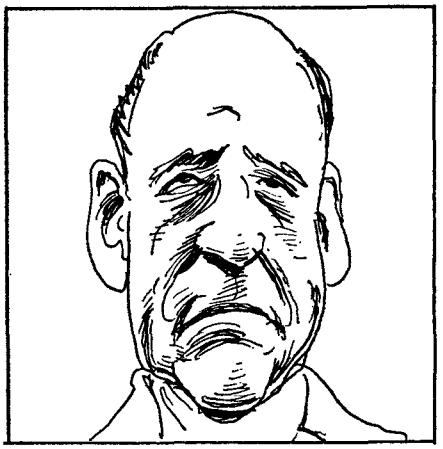
Unlike Cardinal König, Cardinal Léon-Joseph Suenens, the primate of Belgium, has been a thorn in Pope Paul's side. He is the leader of the progressive forces within the church, and if they prevail at the conclave, this sixty-eight-year-old jet-style bishop will become the new Pope. Burdened down by the fact that he has more admiring enemies in the ecclesiastical milieu than any other man, Cardinal Suenens has all the qualities for the ideal Pope of the last third of the twentieth century.

When Pope Paul issued his birth-control encyclical, Cardinal Suenens flew to Rome to argue against its publication. In taking his open stand on the Pill and also on celibacy, Cardinal Suenens may well have sacrificed his chances for the papal succession. Nevertheless, among his young colleagues in the church he is considered the prime candidate, so great is his charismatic appeal.

Though much younger than Cardinal Suenens, by some twenty years, a rising star behind the Leonine Walls is Bishop Paul Marcinkus, a forty-six-year-old American citizen from Cicero, Illinois. Working quietly in the office of the Vatican's Secretariat of State, Bishop Marcinkus is in executive control of the Institute for Religious Works, a post that makes him responsible for handling the investment of hundreds of millions of dollars belonging to Roman Catholic orders and charities in all parts of the world. The institute also manages the foreign portion of the Holy See's substantial securities portfolio. Most of the stocks that the Vatican owns outside The Boot are American, and it is estimated that Bishop Marcinkus watches over a megafortune in shares on the New York Stock Exchange.

Cardinal Léon-Joseph Suenens

Balding, genial, powerfully athletic yet gentle, Bishop Marcinkus is the son of immigrant parents who moved to the United States from Lithuania. He went to Rome in 1950 to study canon law at the Gregorian University, and after winning his doctor of divinity degree in 1953, he entered the Vatican's diplomatic school. Until recently, the Yankee prelate served as a one-man bodyguard squad for Pope Paul on trips abroad. In the past he has also acted on occasion as a translator; he served as the Pope's English-language interpreter during President Johnson's last visit to Rome. That he is affectionately known among his influential colleagues as "The Gorilla" demonstrates how extremely well liked he is, and though Bishop Marcinkus does not wear the red hat of a cardinal, his name keeps sneaking up these days from my sources as one of the definite *papabili*. If the voting cardinals want an American this time, instead of a European, Bishop Paul Marcinkus definitely has the inside track.



Bishop Paul Marcinkus

Not surprisingly, all of the aforementioned non-Italian *papabili* refuse to discuss the subject and are even embarrassed by the idea, partly because they know what dangers lurk in the Vatican's political thicket for anyone who throws his red hat into the ring, and partly because Pope Paul is in good health and has given no concrete clues as to whether he intends to call it quits this year.

However drastic such a resignation

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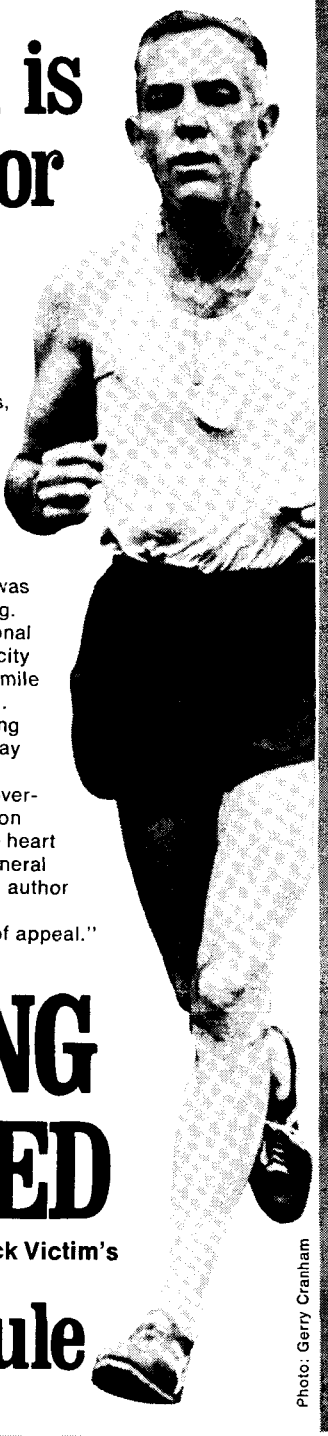

Photo: Gerry Cranham

Six years ago, sportswriter Tex Maule found he was running late at the office, running hard after scoops, and forgetting about his health in his eagerness to keep up the pace. Two days after his fifty-first birthday, Tex ran out of luck. He suffered a massive heart attack and nearly died.

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would be, there is indeed a precedent for it. In the year 1294 Pope Celestine V abdicated after five months in office, at the age of seventy-nine, preferring to return to his life as a hermit monk. Several years ago Pope Paul made a pilgrimage to Castle Fumone in central Italy, where Celestine V spent his last two years in retirement, and some Vatican experts say this is significant.

Although at the time Pope Paul gave no special reason for making this unusual visit, it gives background today for some justifiable speculation that His Holiness was testing the water. All the same, everything and everybody will have to wait until September. There is a Roman saying that pops up whenever the citadel of privacy is rife with rumor, as it is of late: "In the Vatican everything is forbidden—and everything is possible!" □

Singles in the Suburbs, or, You Can Go Home Again

BY MARY ALICE KELLOGG

SCHAUMBURG, Ill.—The sun was hot, and around the pool the singles were sizzling. The social director stepped briskly to a microphone and interrupted the *Love Story* theme blasting from the Muzak to announce that a fashion show was about to begin. A group gathered, and soon the scene resembled the Friday-night crush in a singles bar—well-oiled bodies standing elbow to elbow, dribbling beer on each other, pausing every third or fourth gulp to ogle a model passing by in a tiny swimsuit. Occasionally, young men arose from their chaise longues to case the joint, throwing out such college-educated quips as "Hey-hey, baby," and "I'll give her an eight out of ten." Everybody was relaxed. Just like home.

It is home. The poolside frolic was not at a Catskills resort but at a large apartment complex called International Village located in suburban Schaumburg, thirty miles northwest of downtown Chicago. International Village is one of many new residential developments being built across the country to lure and house the thousands of single men and women who are deserting the inner cities and flocking to the suburbs in search of what seems a less pressured, more fulfilling way of life.

Mary Alice Kellogg is a Chicago-based correspondent for Newsweek.

IV, as it is fondly called by its inhabitants, was erected by a Minneapolis land developer named Norman J. Ackerberg. Mr. Ackerberg's philosophy is that an apartment complex should be not only a home but a world in itself, offering enough services and activities to keep single tenants (75 per cent of IV's residents) in the complex and away from outside temptations and trouble. "Without our kind of social program," Ackerberg says, "many of them would be in the bars and saloons. Of course there's hanky-panky but not as much as you find in most other singles complexes." Ackerberg also believes in colorful architecture. "It may be corny architecture," he admitted, "but at least it's a change from the functional buildings where these people work all day. Where you live and where you work should be esthetically different."

The result is a little bit of Europe—a twelve-unit residential complex built in Plastic Tyrolean, with 732 apartments scattered over forty-seven acres of well-landscaped grounds. Each building has a continental name—"Zurich," "Essex," "Normandy," "Marseilles"—with an outside motif to match. (Normandy, however, does not have a beach or Zurich, a mountain.) The three-year-old development promises its tenants that they will be in Europe the moment they step out the door.

No one seems to mind that the layout resembles a bad remake of *Heidi* in which grandfather is just a bit naughty and the little goat girl promises more than she can deliver. For the big lure of International Village is not its continental atmosphere but a massive program of activities and a $1-million recreation center that contains indoor and outdoor swimming pools, coed saunas, exercise rooms, a golf driving range, and lots of other goodies.

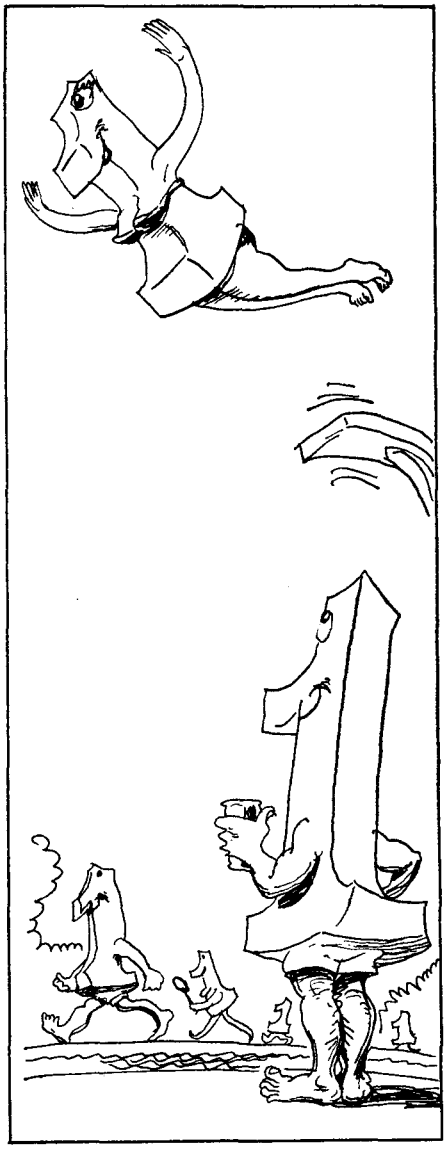
The complex has proved so popular that there is a two-month waiting list for apartments. Management likes to boast that its tenants are all "high-class professional single people, college-educated." The question of why high-class professional single people (college-educated) would want to move into a place that resembles Six Flags Over Texas amusement park is easily answered: International Village is a return to the college dorm, complete with eager organizers—a giant fraternity party with unsanctioned panty raids.

Armed with bikini, mini-jumpsuit, fledgling tan, single-ex-cheerleader status, and Close-Up smile, I went to International Village on Memorial Day for the opening of the swimming pool. The opening of the swimming pool is a big event, even bigger than the volleyball league championship, annual Winter Carnival, opening of the tennis courts, closing of the pottery room, or beginning of yoga classes. Mary Curran had promised me that this would be the best time to see some typical IV singles at play.

Mrs. Mary Curran is, for all practical purposes, the heart and soul of International Village. She is the development's social director, nursemaid, matchmaker, soothsayer, peacemaker, grandmother, girl friend, disciplinarian, and head cheerleader. In her mid-fifties, trim and gray-haired, Mary attacks her job with the energy of twelve Sherman tanks.

The administrator of the recreation center, she also plans activities, writes, edits, and delivers the biweekly "International Village Towne Crier" newsletter, and goes out for beer on special occasions. February and March, Mary told me, were rather slow months—aside from the big Winter Carnival, there was

An apartment complex should offer singles enough to keep them away from outside temptations.



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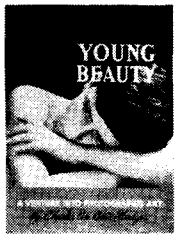

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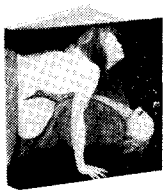

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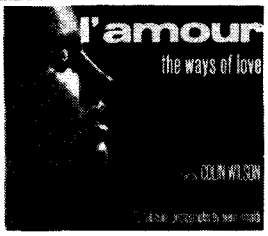

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only the Valentine dance, Sadie Hawkins party, St. Patrick's Day party, spring fashion show, roller-skating party, and the billiard and Ping-Pong tournaments —but now that it was warm the gang could really get cracking.

On Pool Day the first event was a giant breakfast given by the residents of Devonshire. Mary contributed an icy bottle of champagne, and about 100 people jammed the living room of one apartment, drinking screwdrivers and a suspect Passion Punch while "The Low Spark of High-Heeled Boys" blared out at 120 decibels.

It was a young group (the average age of tenants is twenty-eight), and it mixed well. Girls in swimsuits and full eye make-up mingled with men who had "just divorced" stenciled on their foreheads. Many of the men wore faded college T-shirts as identification, and all eyes darted from one likely prospect to another. Forgetting about the "dramatic sunken living room," a feature in all IV apartments, I missed the step and spilled my Passion Punch on the closest five people. I immediately became one of the group.

One twenty-seven-year-old oil-company salesman wearing a Tau Kappa Alpha T-shirt (many of the men in the complex are salesmen, teachers, and airline employees) watched Mary make her way to an uncrowded corner. "She's just like my old fraternity housemother," he sighed happily, heading for the punch bowl.

Carol sat by the window, looking at the tennis courts. A fifth-grade teacher (most of the women at IV are teachers, stewardesses—O'Hare Field is eleven minutes away—and secretaries), she has lived in the complex for a year. "There are two camps here," Carol said, "those who are wild and swing, and those who don't. Most seem to have college degrees, though. See that guy in the corner? He's a policeman. He used to come to a lot of the parties, but then he found out he was arresting all of his friends, so he doesn't show up too much anymore."

One of the first things one learns at IV is that those who do not live there are considered outsiders. Everyone is friendly enough, but wisps of conversation mark a strong community spirit: "Well, we had about four marriages here last year, but two of them were to people from Outside." Or, "The people on the Outside have a bad image of us. They think we're all beer parties and fun." Or, "I don't go Outside too much. There's enough to do here."

An hour later most had left the party for the pool opening, leaving behind spilled drinks, paper cups, and blotches of scrambled eggs ground into the carpet. Mary hooked up the poolside loudspeaker system and announced with a flourish that we were all going to join hands and at the count of three make a BIG SPLASH. That done and the pool opened, a volleyball net was set up, and a furious game ensued. Mere swimming was out of the question.

Muzak played "I've Got a Crush on You, Sweetie Pie," as bodies basted under the suburban sun. At IV Muzak is everywhere: in the office, around the pool, inside the sauna, in the foyer. . . . Judy, an attractive suburban teacher who has lived here for two years, tried to read a book but gave up, sighing with disgust at the antics of the crew playing volleyball. "You know what this place is? It's a playground with deeper voices, that's what it is." She clapped a towel over her ears.

Lines of demarcation are very apparent at IV and no place more than at the pool. To one side was the Devonshire group; in the corner, Yorkshire; by the diving board, Interlaken; way over by the sauna, Orleans. Part of this cliquishness is unintentionally encouraged by IV's recreation program. Buildings compete against each other in every sport, it seems, except drinking (in that department the complex as a whole seems to be taking on all comers—the amount of beer consumed in one day at IV would make a wholesaler faint with happiness), and I am confident that if they found a way to judge them, there would be competitions for sauna steaming and yoga meditation, too. There are trophies, supplied by the rec center, for both individuals and teams.

Not only are residents urged to take fierce pride in their building's accomplishments, but they are made to feel just a tad guilty if they don't join in. The "Towne Crier" is full of little reminders to get out and PARTICIPATE. For instance, the newsletter following the Winter Carnival called those buildings that didn't make ice sculptures "burying grounds for deadheads" and noted, "Really, more residents should have gotten into the spirit of things. Goodness knows the good Lord did his best for us. . . . He kept the temperature down all week. . . ." Apparently IV nonparticipators must answer to God as well as to the rec center.

Aside from price—$235 for a one-bedroom apartment, $290 to $315 for two bedrooms (which means nearly everyone has a roomie)—the most common complaint from residents is the feeling that they have to live up to IV's go-go image. Peggy, a twenty-year-old bank teller from suburban Mt. Prospect, sat by the duck pond away from the madding crowd and lamented, "Sometimes people come around to your apartment and are real rah-rah, knocking on doors and asking you to come to parties or participate in sports. And then they get pissed off if you don't come."

Jim, twenty-four, a Honeywell electrical engineer, agreed: "I get the feeling that it's so plastic here sometimes. I don't like jet-set people, and most at this place try to be. Swinging singles? Are you kidding?"

But IV has its boosters, too, notably Dick Dozier, twenty-nine, a fiber-glass salesman and seemingly chairman of everything at the complex. Dozier is among the 60 per cent of IV residents who have left the city to both live and work in the suburbs. "Everybody joins the band wagon once you get going," he said. "There are so damned many sit-at-homes, and they really want you to come to them and get them involved."

Steve, a twenty-four-year-old food-facilities consultant, agrees about IV. "You really get your money's worth here," he said. "You walk around, and somebody instantly says 'hi' to you, asks how you are. If you've ever lived in the city like I have, you know how surprised you get when someone does that. You get the feeling people here care about you."

It was now 6 p.m., and only a few souls were left around the pool. Most had gone home to get a bite to eat (Nottingham's barbecue having been rained out by a brief shower) and to change for the big dance that night. By this time, the gang was feeling not unlike the senior class at the end of Ditch Day, doggedly bracing tired bodies for that last burst of good fun before total collapse.

The dance was held in the game room of the rec center—where else? Music was provided by a local group called the Mixed Bag, admission was $1 per person, b.y.o.b. Suddenly we were back in the gym again—remember the dances after the game? In an adjoining room couples necked in dark corners, while outside fanatics still raced around the tennis courts. Some tenants were dressed up, some still were in soggy bathing suits, while others proudly wore the International Village T-shirt that each resident receives from the management upon arrival.

At 12:30 the band quit for the night, and couples walked home under the suburban moon. Pool Day was over. At the door Mary Curran, who had been collecting money and stamping hands to make sure everybody paid (remember THAT?), beamed as her charges left. "The people here are serious about their work. They party hard because they work hard." One by one the gang said good night to Mary. She knows them all by name. "You know, I almost think I've found my niche in life," Mary says. "I'm probably the happiest person in the world today. I feel I'm wanted, needed, and appreciated. After that, what is there?" □

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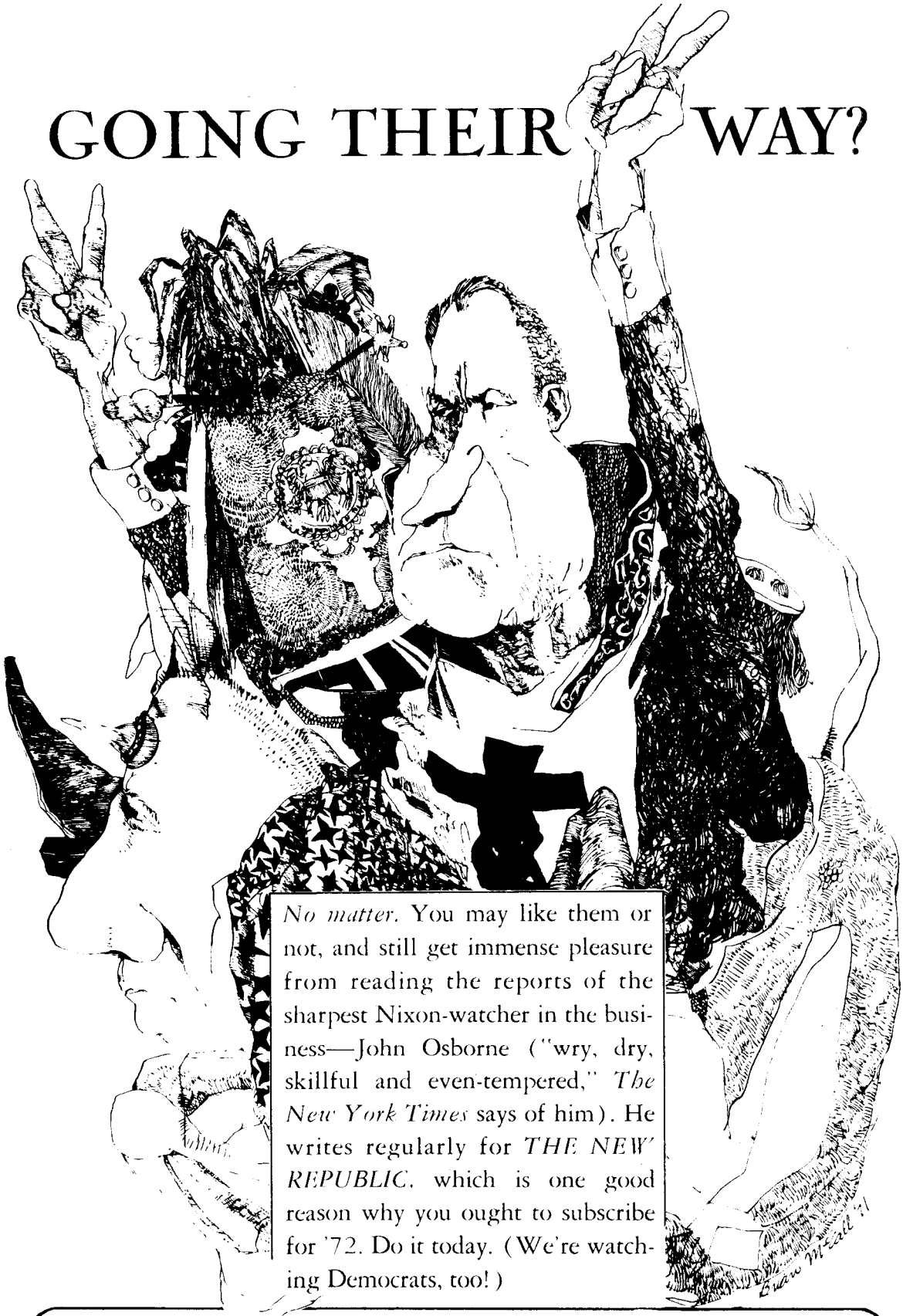

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Letters

The Language of Politics

Re: Ronald P. Kriss's editorial "Risk and 'Restraint' in Indochina" [*SR*, May 27). It is one of the more perceptive pieces that I have come across dealing with the question of words and politics, and I have come across many perceptive writings on the subject, having authored one relevant book and edited another. I would have included the editorial in the latter work, had it been available at the time. Not only is it tragic, but, in view of the magnitude of the prevailing linguistic and political offenses, it also is astonishing that so few persons have called attention to the situation.

Professor Max J. Skidmore
Chairman, Political Science Department
Southwest Missouri State College
Springfield, Mo.

Unlike Mr. Kriss, I do not condone aggression. His editorial harks back unmistakably to the advocates of appeasement during the 1930s in Britain. I don't think the "trade-off" then was a good one; there may have been less corruption in Poland after Hitler took over, but there undoubtedly was, in his words, "more repression and authoritarianism." The trade-off, as Mr. Kriss calls it, is no better today, however we may view it. In reality, it is he who betrays arrogance by his assumption that just because South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia are small it matters not that they are victims of North Vietnamese aggression. What was ever "denied" to Hanoi? Why not "denied" to Saigon instead? He needs to do a little historical research, and I can think of no more appropriate place to start than with a good reading of the 1954 Geneva Agreements.

Arthur J. Dommen
College Park, Md.

The Stockton Story

Herbert Kohl's "What Are the Real Risks When a School Tries to Change?" [*SR*, May 27] is a fine descriptive article on George McCormick's efforts to bring out the best in children and teachers in the Stockton school system. As one of Mr. McCormick's attorneys, I would like to correct and expand upon Mr. Kohl's reference to legal proceedings instituted by McCormick and two parents of children attending the Hazelton school.

There is no federal court action—at present. There is a state court action in the San Joaquin County Superior Court, which has three somewhat novel thrusts. First, we want to establish that under prevailing California decisions McCormick may not be "demoted" for the exercise of his constitutionally protected First Amendment rights—i.e., even if the district had provided reasons for not renewing his principalship, those reasons are nothing more than cover for district displeasure with his First Amendment—protected activities. We want to establish that a principal's public employment cannot be denied for such motives.

Second, we have sued the district for denying McCormick due process of law in failing to provide him reasons for his demotion and affording him a public hearing (at his option) on the issues. Although this section of the federal law has been utilized by others in the academic profession to challenge their dismissals, we know of no attempt to establish Section 1983 as a viable remedy in *state* courts rather than federal courts.

Third, we want to establish under California's "open meeting" laws (the Brown Act) that some so-called personnel decisions are really policy decisions and as such should be deliberated in public rather than in "executive session." The parents of children in the Hazelton School claim that their rights under the Brown Act have been violated by the board of education's action taken secretly and without public deliberation. While the Brown Act is not limited to school boards, the McCormick case is an ideal example of a "personnel" matter's actually being an educational policy decision in which the parents of school children have a right to participate.

David M. Blicker
Sacramento, Calif.

There has been no federal court action. It was our local superior court that issued the order and that is conducting the action so that the constitutional rights and legal privileges of both sides will be decided and protected.

Bill Dozier
Judge of the Superior Court
Stockton, Calif.

I resent, both as a former teacher and as a parent, Mr. Kohl's attitude toward the teachers' decision to abandon their boycott. He reacts with annoyance to the fact that teachers and teacher corpsmen were unwilling to risk their jobs, while suggesting that perhaps these jobs were really not at hazard. He states also that the teachers were less willing than the welfare parents to take such a risk, although he notes that the parents had had legal advice to the effect that they could not be sent to jail or denied welfare payments for their actions.

I believe that the teachers had real reason to fear for their jobs. The right of public employees to strike is not legally clear: Teachers have done it successfully in New York and California, but in Arizona teachers were ordered back to work by court injunction. California presently has thousands of unemployed teachers,

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and more teachers emerge from colleges and universities here yearly. It seems likely to me that a school board like that in Stockton would chortle with glee at being given the chance to rid the district of a number of expensive tenured teachers and replace them with young, vulnerable teachers who would be cheaply located at the bottom of the salary scale.

Mr. Kohl is a valuable and valued idea man. Perhaps he would risk his income and his family's economic survival in a circumstance like the one described. But I do not feel that any one person has the right to resent another person's choosing not to martyr himself. The real power in any school district lies with the parents, and the cause is theirs. It is my duty and my right to fight for my children's best education. I need direction and encouragement from teachers, but the real risk should be mine, since any gain is my children's and therefore mine.

Janet K. LaPierre
Berkeley, Calif.

In his article, one statement made by Herbert Kohl was of particular interest because he inaccurately cast me, as a former assistant superintendent in the district, in the role of a racist who denied Mr. McCormick's request to "stop transporting white students from a black elementary school to an all-white one."

To my recollection, no incident such as the one he described occurred during 1965, and, if it had, I would not have been in a position to deny such a request. During my tenure as assistant superintendent and business manager for the Stockton city schools, I was responsible for the district transportation system but had no authority whatsoever over attendance boundaries or intradistrict attendance agreements. These matters were strictly within the province of the superintendents and the instructional assistant superintendents.

Professor Carl E. Wilsey
University of Northern Colorado
Greeley, Colo.

Who Is the School?

After reading Michael Sexton's "Who Is the School?" [*SR*, May 27], I have decided to approach the staff committee at my school, Kensington Junior Secondary, with regard to the possibility of Kensington School's earning, in the manner of Mr. Sexton, a Ph.D. in education from the University of Iowa. After all, the island of Malta was awarded a George Cross during the Second World War; every worthy institution should be recognized. I am suggesting that each of the fifty staff members submit sixty Brownie education photographs that will be compiled and submitted in time for the next spring convocation at the University of Iowa. After we have earned our Ph.D. in this fashion, we will collectively submit 4,000 photographs for a post-Ph.D. award.

Alan G. Adirim
Richmond, British Columbia
Canada

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What is the first issue of WORLD all about?

A second letter to the readers of the Saturday Review

From the opening editorial of Volume One, Number One:

The first issue of WORLD MAGAZINE is dedicated to the future of print and to our colleagues on other magazines, newspapers, and books. We are confident that print not only will endure but will continue to be a primary force in the life of the mind. Nothing yet invented meets the intellectual needs of the human brain so fully as print. The ability of the mind to convert markings on paper into meaning provides civilization with much of its basic energy.

About WORLD itself: What is important about a new magazine is not how it came to be but what it seeks to become. WORLD seeks to become a magazine on the human situation. In philosophy, editorial content, and direction, it seeks to become a journal of creative world thought and activity.

The greatest event in our lifetime is that the whole of humanity is now compressed within a single arena. The central question in that arena is whether the world will become a community or a wasteland, a single habitat or a single battlefield. More and more, the choice for the world's peoples is between becoming world warriors or world citizens.

Perhaps the starkest discovery of our time is that our planet is not indestructible and that its ability to sustain life is not limitless. For the first time in history, therefore, the physical condition of the planet Earth forces itself upon human intelligence. And the management of the Earth for the human good now becomes not just a philosophical abstraction but an operational necessity.

All at once a new and larger kind of wisdom is needed to keep humankind from becoming inimical to its own survival. Wisdom that can deal with basic causes of breakdowns between the national aggregations. Wisdom that can halt the poisoning of the natural environment and that can monitor the world's airshed and waters. Wisdom that can establish a balance between resources and needs. Wisdom that can apply technology to the upgrading of the human situation. And, finally, wisdom that can help men regain their essential trust in one another, and restore their sensitivity to life.

The ultimate adventure on Earth is the adventure of ideas. WORLD MAGAZINE would like to be part of that adventure. The times favor new ideas. Old dogmas and ideologies are losing their power to inspire or terrify. They are no longer the sources of intellectual energy but have become enduring symbols, objects of generalized attachments and loyalties. Ideological Man is giving way to World Man. The banner commanding the greatest attention has human unity stamped upon it.

The major differences of our time are no longer viewed as existing between mammoth blocs, whether geographic or cultural or political. The most fundamental differences exist within the societies rather than between them. These differences have to do with a view of the world, and how best to unite and safeguard the human habitat. Thus the issue is no longer what East and West can give to each other but what both can give to the survival of civilization.

As a result—or, more accurately, as the prime cause—people are undergoing a vast experience in the de-mystification of tribalism. Old ideas of separatism and group identity don't move men as much as new perceptions of human solidarity.

What is happening is that the human race is fighting back. It is responding to the accumulation of dangers and terrors that could put a torch to the human nest. It is facing up to bizarre gamesmanship applied to human destiny, and to the insanity of making the Earth a warehouse for holocaust-producing weapons Men dare to think that ethics can be applied to the behavior of nations and that a time is fast approaching when men will not be ordered to kill or be killed.

All sorts of magnificent notions are at large in the human mind today, and the most revolutionary notion of them all is that the problem of human survival is not beyond human intelligence.

The starting point for a better world is the belief that it is possible. Civilization begins in the imagination. The wild dream is the first step to reality. It is the direction-finder by which men locate higher goals and discern their highest selves. If we can conceive of a safe and responsible design for our collective lives we are already well on the way to achieving it.

Hope, therefore, is on solid ground not when it is confined to demonstrated propositions but when it can spring out of sudden

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new perceptions. Hope may be fortified by experience but that is not where it begins. It begins in the certainty that things can be done that have never been done before. This is the ultimate reality and it represents the uniqueness of the human mind.

Such at least is the mood in which this magazine comes to life. It is what the world is about and it is what WORLD will try to be about.

It is apparent from the Table of Contents of this first issue that most of the editors and contributors have worked together before. Yet it is equally clear that they come together now in a new and different context. WORLD MAGAZINE is proud of its origins and especially of whatever measure of continuity it may be able to give to a certain tradition in publishing. We are excited by the prospect of publishing a magazine with a world purpose.

Though they have worked together before and share a common editorial background, the editors do not regard this first issue as a definitive expression of their ideas about WORLD. For a new magazine is not born fully formed. It has to evolve over a period of time. It is shaped in creative interaction with readers. Its most useful mistakes are made in the open. Our hope is that those mistakes will not be beyond fruitful correction, and that they will not obscure our main aim, which is to publish a magazine that people will read and respect.

In inviting you to join us in what we hope will be an exciting adventure in ideas, we realize we are asking you to take a chance on us. We have high hopes of justifying that confidence. The process begins with the Charter Subscription form below.

Norman Cousins

Some of the features
and articles in the first issue of WORLD MAGAZINE:

Features

Goodman Ace . . . . . Top of the World
Hollis Alpert . . . . . On Film
Cleveland Amory . . . . . Curmudgeon-at-Large
Hallowell Bowser . . . . . What One Man Can Do
John Ciardi . . . . . On the Other Hand
Norman Cousins . . . . . Editorial
Buckminster Fuller . . . . . Geoview: Playing the World Game
Roland Gelatt . . . . . World Watch
Thomas Middleton . . . . . Double-Gram Puzzle
Leo C. Rosten . . . . . Helpful Answers to Questions
Horace Sutton . . . . . World on a String

Articles

U Thant . . . . . Reflections of a Mediator
Robert Craft . . . . . Music: Painting Oneself into a Corner
Alvin C. Eurich . . . . . One Man's Dream About Education
Katharine Kuh . . . . . The Greening of Art in the Caribbean
Samuel McCracken . . . . . Essay Review of "Neill! Neill! Orange Peel!" the autobiography of A. S. Neill
Roy McMullen . . . . . Essay Review of "Vous les Entendez?" by Nathalie Sarraute
Peter Schrag . . . . . The "Forgotten American" Revisited
Santi Tara . . . . . Where the Heroin Is Coming From
Richard L. Tobin . . . . . What Editors Think
Margaret R. Weiss . . . . . Photography: Out of the Blue
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If this is what a Ph.D. thesis in education is made of, heaven help the schools of tomorrow. Although I do not question Michael Sexton's motives or his ability as a photographer, I do question his methods and his use of outdated material.

Have none of the professors and editors so impressed with Mr. Sexton's distorted photo story taken the time to look at the school in question? Have any of them assessed the damage done to the school students and personnel by his myopic lens? Photos can lie.

Ada Fisher
Denver, Colo.

I am still amazed, even as I look at the pictures for the sixth, seventh, and eighth times, that someone has finally shown what it is really like to be in the shoes of the typical public school teacher. Being a young high school teacher myself, I can only say from my brief two years of experience that the public school systems are not the sacrosanct monuments to man's ingenuity that most outsiders to the teaching profession would hold them to be. I can only speak of my immediate area of experience, but what I have seen corresponds remarkably with Mr. Sexton's candid observations. The astounding amount of energy expended on making public schools seem what they are not is appalling.

Fred Abdella
Lafayette, La.

J. Edgar Hoover

Re: "J. Edgar Hoover: Two Views" [*SR*, May 27]. Victor S. Navasky and James L. Buckley, although far apart politically, have one thing in common: a determination not to permit such extraneous matters as facts to interfere with their pre-styled, fashionable positions.

Thus Navasky blandly gives Hoover credit for the usual things—all in the distant past and almost all the products of Hoover's generation-bridging public-relations campaign—and then goes on to list the usual civil rights-related complaints currently popular with liberals. It is the standard "Yes, but . . ." technique, pretending to objectivity without regard for accuracy or perspective. It is pabulum—for people who don't want to think.

Buckley, relying on the same worn Hoover legends—many of which can be traced back to Hoover himself—is satisfied to ignore the critics without condescending to examine their criticisms, and he assures the faithful on the right that Hoover will always be remembered for his "professional integrity and patriotic dedication." Much the same thing was said when Harding died, and with equal justification.

Hank Messick
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Class and the Classroom

It is unfortunate, as noted by Dick Hubert in "The Duluth Experience" and James S. Coleman in "Class Integration—A Fundamental Break With the Past" [*SR*, May 27], that social class integration, not mere racial integration, is the key factor in improving the educational performance of lower-class kids — unfortunate because class conflict is a much more significant factor than racism in causing opposition to black-white school integration.

The problem is that blacks are overwhelmingly lower-class or working-class and exhibit a culture that is reprehensible to middle-class whites. Although racism certainly is a factor, middle-class white parents are more concerned about contamination of their school-age kids by this lower-class status and culture. In fact, for really exciting class conflict—which again shows its pre-eminence over racism—watch the fur fly when a proposal is made for middle-class blacks to integrate

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with lower-class blacks. Although class integration may be successful in some cases in improving educational performance, such integration is also likely to drive middle-class whites (or blacks) to private schools, suburbs, or wherever class integration can be avoided and, thus, preclude the small benefits that exist in integrated schools.

John Worcester
Davis, Calif.

Bilingual Education

Jeffrey Kobrick's article "The Compelling Case for Bilingual Education" [*SR*, April 29] is unquestionably one of the finest I have ever read.

He clearly presents the case that bilingual education is not simply an esoteric, semiexperimental idea with marginal successes, but a necessary and highly responsive educational approach for the thousands of Americans who do not speak English.

It is exactly this type of article that will do much to raise the public visibility of bilingual education and encourage, one would hope, broadly based public support and pressure on the Congress—and the administration—adequately to fund this program, which, until now, has received only a mere 22 per cent of the $400-million authorization.

Senator John V. Tunney
Washington, D.C.

William H. Hebert's letter [Letters to the Editor, *SR*, May 27] points out the important role of the Massachusetts Teachers Association and the Massachusetts Coalition for Bilingual Education in pressing for the enactment of Massachusetts's bilingual education law.

I had originally indicated in my article that, besides the very few people I actually named, "numerous others throughout the state" participated in the movement for bilingual education legislation in Massachusetts. Unfortunately, so that the article would fit the available space, this statement was deleted just before the article was printed.

The Massachusetts law was truly the work of hundreds of individual people and small community groups, in addition to the organizations mentioned by Mr. Hebert. I wish I could have named all of them.

Jeffrey W. Kobrick
Cambridge, Mass.

Mailbag Note

Please address comments about articles that have appeared in *Saturday Review* to: Letters to the Editor. Inquiries should be sent to: Reader Services. Poetry, article suggestions, manuscripts, and cartoons should be sent to our Contributors Department. The address for all of the above is 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Manuscripts, poetry, and cartoons will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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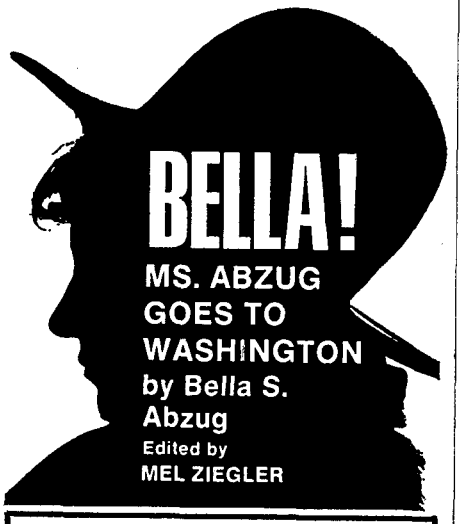

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Editorial

Random Terror in the Middle East

So this is how the New Order is to be built. On 1,000 incidents—or 100,000—like the one at Israel's major air terminal last month. On gunmen emptied of every recognizable human feeling except hatred, submachine guns steadied against their hips, sending volley after volley of bullets and barrages of shrapnel grenades tearing through flesh and bone, while geysers of blood from the dead or wounded spout over everything. All done with an eerie, almost clinical, dispassion.

There is nothing personal about all this, you understand. Lydda's 100 victims could have been anybody; it was pure chance that they happened to include a senior Israeli scientist, a child whose body was so stitched with bullets that it was almost cut in two, a half dozen unsuspecting travelers who were decapitated, a group of Puerto Ricans on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The important thing was the killing; who was killed made little difference. Nor did it matter exactly who did the killing—in this case three members of the Red Army, an extremist terrorist group in Japan, sponsored and trained by the radical Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. The Arab organization was seeking to avenge the skyjackers who were killed by Israeli sharpshooters earlier this year, and to let people know that it was still very much in business. The Japanese assassins apparently had something broader in mind—to terrorize the unconverted by means of an act of random terror, an act that would, moreover, serve as a kind of prelude to world revolution, Maoist-style.

Incredibly enough, some romantic revolutionaries have actually persuaded themselves that such acts are justified because they will ultimately lead to the creation not merely of a new society but of a new order of man—presumably a more altruistic, compassionate, and decent man than the version now prevalent almost everywhere. Just how this paradigmatic creature is supposed to emerge from a foul swampland of hijackings, kidnappings, cold-blooded executions, and mass murders is not entirely clear. Perhaps some of the Uruguayan Tupumaros or the Quebec separatists who murdered their helpless hostages can explain just what sort of alchemy is involved in transforming an icy indifference to individual life into a concern for all mankind.

Almost as appalling as the carnage at Lydda was the reaction of a number of Arab governments and organizations. Only Jordan's King Hussein condemned the murders without qualification as "a sick crime committed by sick people." But as any good Maoist—and even some revisionists—can tell you, Hussein is nothing more than a Western lackey, and any statement from such a source must therefore be dismissed as suspect. Palestinian guerrilla groups in Syria and Lebanon hailed the event as a great victory, and newspapers in Beirut and Cairo made no effort to disguise their glee. In a statement singularly devoid of statesmanship—not to mention humanity—Egypt's Prime Minister, Aziz Sidky, hailed the slaughter as proof that "we can, with God willing, realize victory for ourselves in the battle with Israel."

In the past, Israel has not hesitated to mete out harsh revenge for less bloody acts, and the temptation to settle accounts swiftly after Lydda must be powerful. Prime Minister Golda Meir, her voice heavy with scorn, told the Knesset: "Those who were unable to stand up against us on the battlefield are great heroes at assaults on planes and passengers, and in their readiness to blow up a plane with 100 people aboard—as they did two years ago in the Swissair disaster. This, indeed, takes great 'courage.' And if the little courage needed for that is lacking, foreigners are recruited for the purpose." Mrs. Meir went on to assure her people that, somehow, "Israel will find a remedy and a way to make sure that this shall not recur." More pointedly, Cabinet Minister Israel Galili warned, "Lydda will be avenged, but not rashly and not in disregard of the principles upheld by Israel."

As this issue goes to press, the Israelis have yet to take overt action. Two countries in particular remain uneasy, however, and with good reason. One is Egypt, for Cairo has long provided material and moral support to the guerrillas—and helped to undercut the authority of numerous fellow Arab regimes in the process. The other is Lebanon, which Mrs. Meir described as "a state which harbors and abets the plotting of such crimes, where the terrorists are free to plot, to hit and return." That is true enough, although Mrs. Meir is well aware that any government that tried to keep the PFLP, the larger Fatah, and other *fedayeen* groups in check would not last long. If such a government were not toppled by popular pressure, it would almost surely be subverted by Egypt. Or by Libya, whose ruler, Muammar Gaddafi, is an erratic fanatic with a yen to succeed Gamal Abdel Nasser as the new demigod of Pan-Arabism.

Shakespeare wrote that "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges." It is probably too much to expect that the Israelis will leave retribution to time or chance. They fear that to do so would be interpreted as a sign of weakness by the Arab world and might well encourage further incidents. The argument has been made that, if Mrs. Meir concentrated less on retaliation and more on conciliation, some progress toward peace might ensue. The Israelis maintain that, unless they retain certain strategic pieces of the territory they conquered during the Six Day War of 1967, another war will surely break out. But by retaining those lands—the Golan Heights, for instance, and Sharm el-Sheikh at the narrow mouth of the Gulf of Aqaba—they are making it likely that a state of antagonism, if not all-out war, will persist for years, if not generations. Nor have the Arabs been overwhelmingly reasonable, either. Apparently, they are convinced that, if they just sit back and wait long enough, international pressure will compel Israel to return the lands. Their steadfast refusal to negotiate face-to-face with the Israelis, moreover, seems an absurd obstacle to peace talks.

Of course, Mrs. Meir could surprise us this time by not yielding to the temptation to strike back. But it is probably a safe bet that, long before Shakespeare's whirligig of time brings in revenge, the Israelis will have done so themselves. That is unfortunate, but after Lydda, it may be difficult to censure them too harshly for doing so.

Ronald P. Kriss

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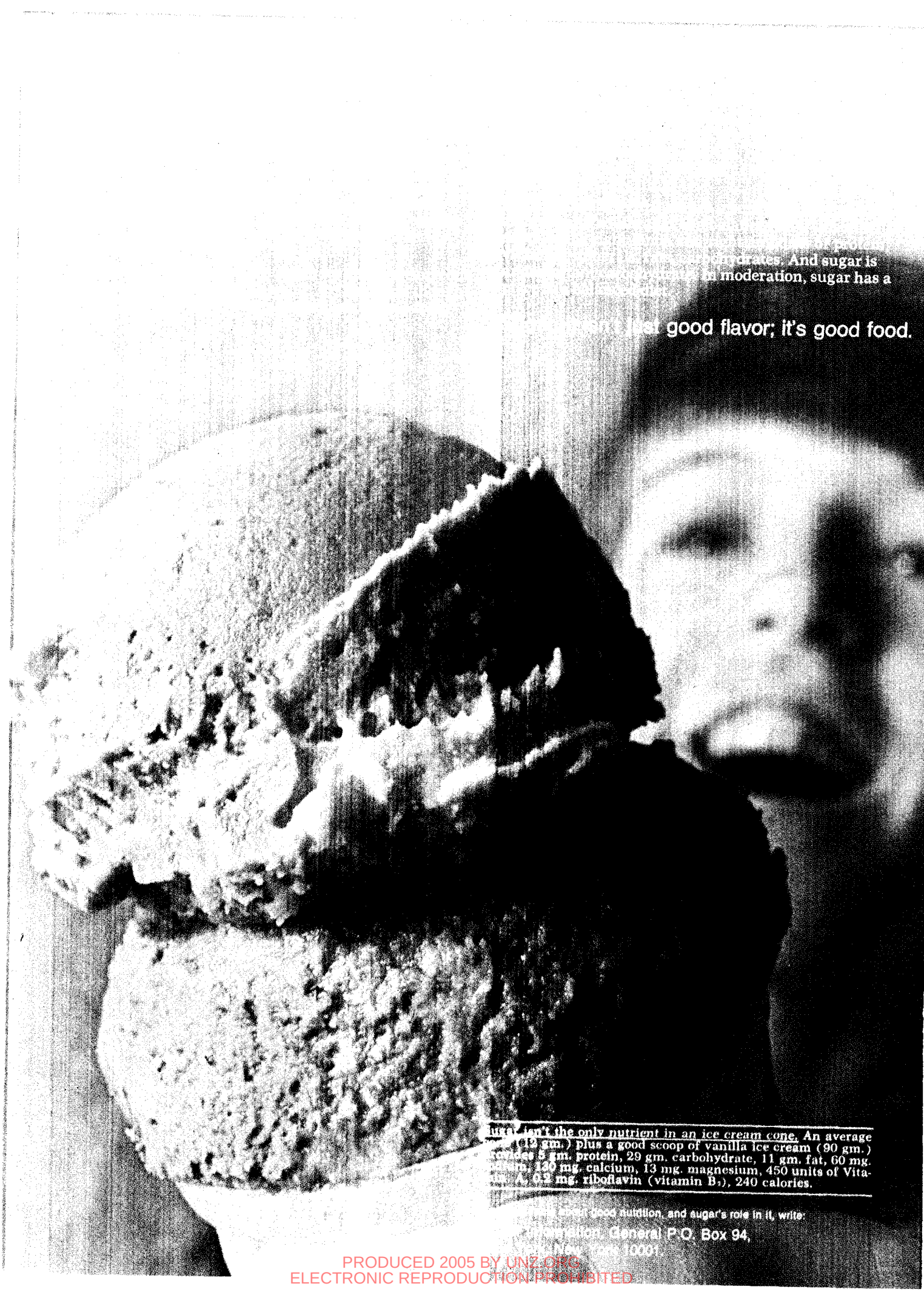
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Saturday Review of

EDUCATION

SPEARPOINT

"Getting the hang of equality and the evil of authority"

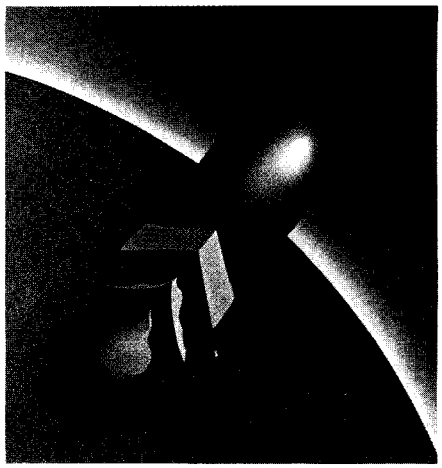
BY SYLVIA ASHTON-WARNER

Sylvia Ashton-Warner's book Teacher, *an account of her experiences with the Maori children of New Zealand, is an education classic. Miss Ashton-Warner, whose married name is Mrs. Keith D. Henderson, recently taught at a free school in Aspen, Colorado. From her experiences there comes* Spearpoint—Teacher in America. *This article is adapted from that book and covers an early time in her American year when she was absorbed with questions and reservations about our system: "For what I'm so warily considering is whether education in North America is or is not three decades behind the people herein, so fast have I found the society evolving in the little ones."*

One day in the autumn, I go straight from the plane into a foreign school of a culture I thought I knew. I'm agog with confidence in my own work, knowing it like ABC, but not knowing that I, from the tail end of civilization, have descended upon the spearpoint. True I have lived in other countries at varying stages of civilization, so that I know what civilization is and what a stage of civilization is, but here, in no time, the days are a matter of survival and my work is XYZ. There's no time space or mind space to remember romantic conceptions of life about being a wandering exile or to dream about the stars. My comfortable principle of life . . . "Ask of no man but give to all" . . . fails in the face of survival. My new watchword, clumsily assembled, becomes . . . "Adapt and survive."

Here is the morning and here am I setting off early to school, to do preparation before the children come, which makes 7:30 a.m. Grossly uncivilized hour but accident supports it, as I choose early hours. I love to walk toward Mount Sopris etched on the cold-blue sky, as impersonal and eternal as the moon himself as he surveys the Earth's problems. Walking to the spaceship poised for takeoff doing its preparation too: warming up its engines to overheat the cabins for overheated passengers. And what does this day hold? Never mind. Whatever Fate stirs in, whatever the roll, the gyration of the ship, it remains undeniably life. As I take out my key and open the hatch, the sun takes his key and opens the day.

I can't stand closed doors where children are segmenting the family fluidity, and when I see the door of the math room shut I take the liberty of opening it. I'm not one to intrude or



invade if I can help it but, "That's no way for big boys to behave."

"We'll do what we like!" Crash the Cuisenaire rods on the floor.

"Standing on a table hurling things on the floor. That's like babies."

"We have every right to do what we like!" Bang, whiz, spin. . . .

"Not like six and seven," I say. "You're both like little babies standing up there throwing valuable material that other children need. Babies."

"When you say something about someone," he shouts, "it sticks on yourself. It's you like the baby. You, you!"

It's true. They're far cleverer than me. This is a modern open school and I've got to be that too. No pride or any-

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thing like that. No hurt. All being equal, he can say what he likes. And do what he likes too. I'm learning that reciprocal respect is not necessary to equality. On the other hand, am I respecting their right to release their imagery; who am I to criticize?

"It's you that's the baby," he repeats.

"Could be too. Me the baby. But in any case you bore me."

"And you bore us."

A jolly good answer. I'm floored again. Like the Cuisenaire rods. I try another way: "What makes you two think you're so clever?"

Flings more rods but he's thinking. "Because"... bash! ... "we *are* clever."

"I agree. But does that make you interesting too?"

No answer from either.

"Why don't you answer?"

The bombs still pound the target but still there is no answer, so I walk toward the door, ashamed of victory.

"Yes, go," they say, "and shut the door. We want to be by ourselves."

I obey. I'm getting the hang of equality and the evils of authority.

I stand in the tunnel-corridor while children run, collide, and wrestle. What would the American teachers have done? I think I know. Without any debate, they might have got down on the floor, collected some rods as they landed and set about making a math pattern illustrating and honoring the function of the rods, so that in time the

A child's mind is like a carnival of celebrants dancing madly, a house owned by his soul and inhabited by his instincts.

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two might have joined them. But only might have. The rapport between American and American at work. But what did I do? Attacked.

I still stand while the children gambol. The corridor is lit by nylon lighting, the air by my standards overbreathed, overhot, reverberating from some tom-tom beat pulsing from a stereo. Too enclosing the architecture, built for thoughtful men rather than exploding children. Whose life am I living, mine or someone else's? Can't I stop the ship and get off?

I like children's voices, high, wild or low, solo or in unison, but the beat and the boom of stereo and the hitting of the suffering piano in the foyer . . . what is this thing, freedom, supplied to the children in overspilling glassfuls, in tankards, in brimming kegs? Must glorious freedom mean all this? Is this, indeed, freedom? If it is, what good is it? How long is the equipment going to last which they need for learning; the piano, the guitar, the Cuisenaire rods? And, as equipment, how long will I last? Astonishingly the Americans don't notice the noise; you can tell by their faces. They can talk and think along with it. Think and talk *better* along with it . . . with all the dire discords. Maybe they've made a mistake in summoning me, inviting an alien to them. Alien. There's the word. I should reel from it but I don't. I don't dislike being an alien. An artist must be an alien in life. Art must walk alone, a pariah of the human family.

But can't I get off? Where's a window? It's wide outside, the plain, within the cradling mountains. And still. What I need is a moment of seclusion or two to regroup my faculties. Adapt and survive . . . remember it.

Through the intoxicated children I weave my way, careful not to offend by touching, down the narrow spine of the

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ship to the storeroom, and plug in the pot for tea. This storeroom might be all trash cans, furnace, dirty mugs, and pets, but it's where big things are said; where you meet everyone who is anyone, which includes guinea pigs and children. True there's no place for one to sit, but you get that kind of rest unrelated to chairs. Confidences are exchanged to the hum of the furnace, revelations to the smell of the trash cans; between teacher and teacher, child and child, between teacher and child; between parent and teacher, between parent and visitor, between everyone and everyone. Everything goes, from educational policy to exacting metaphysics and what happened at the last board meeting. In and out of season, the most important thing in life blossoms in this storeroom: that which passes between one and another, so that when Senta glides in to make some coffee I laugh and say, "My office."

A smile as she cleans a mug.

"I'm trying to work out what you mean by freedom."

"What I mean by freedom, or the kids, or the parents, or the—?"

"Well, I mean . . . there's an intoxication . . . you know, it's not really what children are. It's . . . I don't want to use words like 'license' and 'anarchy,' but . . . ."

"What happened was," from Senta, who is head of the upper school, "the kids were told before we opened they could do what they liked."

"We lost before we started, then."

"No, not quite," accurately, with a steady respect for facts, "but you can't start a school like this on immediate unqualified freedom. Kids coming from structured schools should be given freedoms gradually. They should have brought the structure over to start with, then loosen up in stages. The kids are not used to it, not ready yet."

"Apparently."

And we laugh. "We can recover in time," quietly.

"Time. True. The main things we need are time and privacy. Who're all these people here every day? It's like an air terminal."

"Om . . . parents and visitors to see the school . . . there's great public interest you know, right? Crowds come every day wanting to teach. About nine volunteers walk in each morning. There's a big movement in the country, a breakaway from the traditional. There're thousands of these open schools."

I pour boiling water on the exposed tea leaves. If ever I'm asked to speak anywhere on education in this country, I'll lecture on how to make tea. "Senta. What you're telling me, then, is that our children as they are now are not really normally as they are now. The frightening irresponsibility, the. . . ."

"Oh, no, no. No."

Meaning, I do not voice, that their contempt for me is no more than a transitory symptom?

"The kids are all right," she assures. "When we get settled, when they. . . ."

"At one stage yesterday, the infant room was packed with grownups and there wasn't a child in sight."

"*C'est la révolution*," and we laugh again.

"Senta!" from a pretty girl child, throwing her arms around her slim body, "Senta. I want you to come and see my beadwork and tell me what to do next."

Now I'm talking to someone else. "Time and privacy is all we want really," I repeat.

Conversation, however pointed, however critical, can't last long in the thronged storeroom. Conversations can't last long in the . . . conversations can't last . . . conversations can't . . . conversations. . . .

Not unlike a cocktail party.

The unskilled teacher invades the houses of the minds of children, routs the native inhabitants, and takes over occupancy with his own static images.

Carl is a young American whose rapport with the children is as true as the hues on the mountains; no contrivance about it. As casual as the heath at your feet. It is also, at this point, indispensable. His outlook on life is the same as theirs, his values, background, and racial characteristics; his language and even his legs, which he ties in a bow beneath him. That he's also an anthropological graduate I know by accident only.

As a man rolls up his sleeves to a job, Carl takes off his socks to a job, so that his feet are what you notice. There's rarely no smile mixed up with his glasses somewhere inside his whiskers, and our children use him as a commodity, an item of equipment they don't have to put away. As I do too. You seldom see how tall he is, he usually being cross-legged on the floor. Although standing, he swings high like a cottonwood; in ego he swings low like the sage. Self-effacingly.

You can climb all over him if you like, over his back, knees, and head, as you can climb all over his mind . . . through, under, or behind it. You can crawl right through his smile to the storeroom of his knowledge, finger what's there, and help yourself to it whether you put things back or not.

Getting the children to do their jobs is climbing a mountain backward. "We need some children to help the teachers," I say, "to see that everyone does his job. A couple of policemen to. . . ."

Outrage from the teachers. "You can't do that!"

"Oh?"

"D'you know what that means, Mrs. H.?"

"Policemen?"

"That means pigs in this country."

"Pigs? It means friends in our country."

Carl reproves, "You can't use that word, Mrs. H."

"Heavens. What'll we use, then?"

"Not *pigs*!" Horror from the teachers.

"Helpers, then?"

"But we're *all* helpers."

I've no doubt you are, I do not say, but in a way not immediately obvious. "Friends . . . can we use that?"

"We're *all* friends."

"I take it," warming up, "that what you're all telling me is that no one is in the position to ask the children, *expect* the children, to help us with the other children?"

Doggedly, "They don't like any one of them to be in authority over any other."

"They 'don't like.' Interesting." The authority terror again. No wonder they go in for the wannadowanna. I'm baffled. I don't know what to do about the terror of authority. New ground. New country to colonize. In some societies, the police are as close to the people as bartenders and butchers. I sit a moment on the floor to think it over while our children careen, carouse, and climb. I'm recalling other children I've known honored to be the policemen, and children who like being policed by each other. If we could get clear of politics, we could get on with teaching. Where the devil has the *substance* of education got to? Ah! I've got it. "Have you got anything against the word 'captains'?"

No one answers at once. No one stops Rocky from standing on the guitar while Monty unscrews the strings.

"You do have captains in this country, don't you . . . in sport?"

Carefully thoughtful, examining it.

"Aren't I allowed to ask a boy to bring in the children, for instance? After all, he's more agile and energetic than I am. I can be preparing their work. I can do things that he can't and he can do things that I can't. Or does it work only one way in an open school—

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in an open country, if you like: that I do things that he can't but he's too free to do things that I can't? Is this what you mean by equality?" How holy is this equality?

No one answers. I find American graduates most careful about their thinking, sacrificing all for it like a woman in love. I know that when an answer does come it won't be irresponsible.

"Is that guitar of any value to anybody? We've already lost the use of the ukulele."

A soft voice says to Rocky, "Would you like to put the guitar on the table?"

Or would you *not* like? I keep to myself.

"I dowanna."

Another voice says, still soft, "Captains. That's all right."

I may be wrong. Everyone here thinks better than I do with my passion and metaphor. Maybe it's authority to bring in the children at all. Maybe we should sit talking, waiting for some whim to move the children to come inside. A test of our TV entertainment value to lure them in. How can you teach anyone anything at all when all, irrespective of age, knowledge, or experience, are exactly equal? Since democracy is based on envy, presumably equality is too. Whereas I'm here to teach, rather than serve or baby-sit.

The teachers carefully agree to the word "captains" and, having had enough of this will-you-won't-you, will-you-won't-you, will-you-join-the-dance, I choose the captains myself, damn it. I choose three boys who hang together whose leader has a certain charisma. Boys who seem to me interesting people, more bored than the rest, being not extended, more mature. The boys indeed who were throwing the rods with only contempt for me. Zed of seven, leaning in doorways, whose vivid, livid imagination ensures arduous followers . . . Agar and Henry. Zed Zane & Co. Boys who live their lives more in the mind than with hands and legs and who have personal drawing power. It's true that Henry hurts me when he sticks out his tongue and calls me dum-dum, but I realize I am a dum-dum. I've never heard the word before, but its meaning gets through. Who knows? I may soon be American.

"This meeting is too long," states Henry.

"I hate meetings," from Jonathon.

"So do I, Jonathon."

"Can we go to snack now?"

"Those who don't work don't eat. Those who work . . . do. Please yourselves whether you do your jobs or not. But those who have, come and sit by me," cross-legged on the floor. And . . . I might mention . . . within the door.

Authority, Equality, Freedom. Yet someone did use the word "Responsible" one day. Oh, yes it was Carl: each is responsible for his own possessions. Not: each is responsible for all possessions, which is too collective. It makes some sense on paper, but there's far too much paper anyway, with or without sense on it. Take all the paper from North America, and the country would come right in a week. And another thing . . . as child after child comes and sits before me, his work done behind him, and I lay a hand on his head . . . another thing: what in God's name do they mean by teaching? What in Freedom's name, I should say. Adapt and survive or go home.

But it is sweet, oh, so sweet! . . . the little ones sitting before me. So sweet to lay a hand on each head. "This one is here," I murmur. "This one, this one, this one. And here is this one . . . and this one . . . and good heavens here is this one. *Now* you can go to snack."

I don't think Earth's course is run, her loins no more able; nor is my own course run. True I'm not yet equal to the Key Vocabulary . . . the KV, we call it, with the children, for one reason and another. As the pattern of any physical movement is from the body outward, so is the flow of the KV from the mind outward, from the inside out. The words start often with our child's own name, but not necessarily, or Mommy and Daddy, then his brothers and sisters, even if there are nineteen of them in the family, which you find in some pill-less societies—and more than that too here and there—by which time he moves to people outside the family, things outside, animals, pets, his bike. Not all run true to this route, of course . . . man is unique and variable . . . besides, big emotional explosions can take place in the course of it, but it's a natural guideline.

I like the picture of the mind of our child as a house owned by his soul, inhabited by his instincts; his wants, fears, desires and loves, his hates and happinesses. A merry, motley, moving company, some potential homicides, others pure saints, rubbing shoulders and elbows with one another, all together going for it, like a carnival of celebrants dancing madly. At times, from the pressures within, they venture outside into the street for a breath of fresh air, exercise themselves and encounter others, bring back food and something new to talk about, returning somewhat changed.

But now you see the unskilled teacher outside in the street come to the door, not knock and wait, but gatecrash with his own company of imagery, join battle with the defendants, rout them and take over occupancy, so that the native images flee and hide under beds, behind doors, beneath the staircase or in the toolshed at the back, where they die of wounds and deprivation. The house is now full of alien imagery belonging to the teacher. What's wrong with it . . . it's imagery, isn't it? But the thing is that the replacing imagery is not alive as the native inhabitants were. It is static. It can't dance. It can only do what it's told to do and what it sees to copy. It doesn't go out and see the world and make a contribution. It can't make you think and do things . . . and the ravished soul vacates.

Simultaneously the teacher takes over occupancy of the other houses in the street, the minds of the other children in his class, so that now we have the same kind of imagery in every one of the houses, all copies of the teacher, in a street named Conformity. As for all the former native occupants of the houses, now deceased, it's what I call murder of the imagery. Spiritually speaking, millions of children are murdered annually.

On the other hand, here is the enlightened, skillful teacher strolling in the street, agog with interest in whom he meets, engaging in conversation. An interesting person at the least, so that people from the houses, the native inhabitants, are disposed to come out and meet him, exchange greetings and ideas with him. Sometimes with him and often without him, they feel free to think and do things . . . outside in the world. A street named Variation.

The teachers on the floor with the children at school are these strollers in the street. I know it, but they don't know I know it. Nor do I tell them I know it, this being an untouchable, allergic to words. Time and privacy is what we want, as well as equipment and a jobs list. Very much we want these commodities . . . responsibility, equipment, privacy, and time, but rapport is not lacking.

Carl takes over the KV, and in a few days there are several words from several of the children. Bonnie has "Jay," her school friend, "Daddy" and "Odile"; the wide-eyed Peter with the dimple and the delicate fingers has "Jonathon," his current interest, "Peter," "car," and "Michael," though I don't know who Michael is, and other children who have frankly rejected me release imagery to Carl. Praise God for American teachers round. The fairy Odile, who'd refused me even her own name, tells Carl three male names in a row: "Waring" (surname), "Bob" (father's name), and "Harry" (brother), which is just about the natural beginning, while even the shy, resisting Jay has asked for "Grandpa Bill." So nothing is lost. They

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ask for names, every one of them, though mostly names of other children. "Doesn't anyone ask for his own name yet?"

"No."

"Hasn't anyone asked for 'Mommy' and 'Daddy' yet?"

"Odile's names are her family, and Rocky's name is his mother. Bonnie," fingering the cards, "is the only one who has actually used the word 'Daddy.' "

"But only between the names of her friends, Jay and Odile."

"And Jay has asked for 'Grandpa Bill.' "

"Which is near home," I add. "Quite a cheering score, really. From the inside, I mean," taking the cards. "All Odile needs is the name of her mother and here is a happy child." No doubt all of them are normal; it's only the evidence lacking. "How interesting it will be to see Odile's next word."

Another week with Carl, and Jonathon has started off getting the idea. "Stuck" is his first word, "helicopter" next, then "blood." Not names this time. Gelo begins with "bike"—he has a new one—"Peter," who interests him, then stalls and takes off outside on the plain to play on the big rock, where in no time he is joined by followers. There are still children who don't start at all, and no one presses them.

All very nice, all well enough, considering the gyrating of the ship, but where is the movement from the inside out I'm accustomed to see? But for two or three, where is the inside anyway? Awkward to have one like me around. Exploring on a Sunday, I think it out or try to think it out. There's one thing sure: it cannot be the absence of rapport between me and our children, for there's plenty of that with Carl. Nor my accent and being an alien, for there're three American teachers on the floor actively with them. Of course, it could well be that many of them have already passed the inside-outside sequence at home and are already at the outside interests.

If not, then it could be their agitation at the beginning of a new kind of school, new teachers, new ways, new freedoms; intoxication at the heady drinks of freedom to which they are not accustomed at school, the impact of the care and concern of the teachers to which some . . . and the attention of the teachers . . . which some may not know at home, given the new kinds of homes these days, and the desired man-presence accessible to them . . . in Carl. Anything that's new and sudden unsettling them.

Or it could be the agitation of the race itself of which Americans tell me, revealing itself in the KV of its newest generation, but that may be taking it too far. But the thought which arrests me most is the one about their being like this anyway: the third dimension of their imagery sedated or even extinguished, bombarded out of action by overstimulation, the feeling stilled. The house of the mind gate-crashed and occupied by invading nonliving imagery. If so, I might as well go home. And they too. Is the new generation of any postindustrial, swiftly evolving society to end up two-dimensional only, a kind of space society; a spearpoint to take off one day to some far habitable planet? Actually? Too far-fetched. Fiction. But so was landing on the moon fiction once.

Multiplying questions. I'll have the chance of answering them some desired day when our children and I accept each other. Desired day. . . .

Tentatively I try the KV again. Much of my reluctance is now sheer straightout shyness before the teachers in front of whom I failed the first time. Not because they're teachers, not from any lack of indulgence from them or understanding . . . they're as good to me as they are to the children . . . but because I failed before. You're nervous if you're not sure of your work, a fact I learnt long ago when performing on the piano. If you're sure of it, you're all right; if you're not sure . . . you're not.

Will anyone accept me yet? Crosslegged on the floor among them, I find that Rocky does, who asks for "Frank." Gelo asks for "Mrs. Henderson" . . . astonishing! And when blue-eyed Bonnie edges near enough I ask her outright, "Whom do you love best in the world, Bonnie?"

"Mommy," which I write. The first time the word has surfaced so far from anyone at all. A word outdated.

But when I ask Peter the same question he only replies, "Jonathon," as he did the other day. Which brings up a provocative point about Jonathon: he's a boy concerned with personal relationships with other boys. But of course, one argues. What I mean is that he's normally concerned with his boy playmates, whereas I sometimes find this missing here. You hear on Jonathon's tongue the words "best friend," and you see him dejected if rejected. I've seen him begging Henry, "Will you be my best friend, my very best friend?" and being rejected because Henry follows Zed Zane. The attachments and rejections do happen among small children, as well as among the older. I've seen them under way at three: two little faces kissing between a crack in the back fence. And here's young Peter, with romance in his eyes . . . his first word "Jonathon." The second one too. Warmth begets warmth, engenders it, and Peter contagiously catches Jonathon's warmth. I'd rather Peter's first and second words were from home, however, but you can only take what comes.

Not that you see Peter and Jonathon playing together. Jonathon is attracted by Henry, who is attracted by Zed Zane. But Peter is not bereft. He lives the whole thing which he wants in his mind, preferring this way to reality. There's a great and deep story behind Peter's word asked two days running: "Jonathon," from which inadvertently, as well as deliberately, he learns to read and write.

It's the use of this image of Peter's which is vital: the picture in mind of Jonathon, his admiration for and his wishes concerning him in some impossible dream. The *exercise* of this imagery, which is an indispensable organ of his mind, by the *use* of it. This image of Jonathon doesn't run to hide beneath the stairs to die of deprivation, but lives on strongly in the house of his mind; from his eyes his soul in a look. And as he writes in forming each letter, each strange shape he makes takes on his passion in its contour. Writing it means Jonathon to him, reading it means Jonathon. Reading and writing are glorified, taking on interest forever.

Yes, and others respond a little. Henry's first words are "my birthday," Candy's first word is "Beverly." Candy is small, vital, vivacious, who says just what she thinks, what she feels, and she feels a lot . . . anything that surfaces. There's no holdup of Candy's imagery into her throat and over her tongue. Her tongue can deal with anything that comes. Someone you soon get to know, Candy.

"Is Beverly your mother?" I risk. I haven't been engaging our children in conversation as I like to do in order to exercise their imagery, feeling that it might be felt by them as an affront from an alien. When I know them better, I will, and they know me better. But something in Candy invites me to risk it.

"I didn say she's my mother. How come you keep saying she's my mother?"

"Why do you keep on saying that I say Beverly's your mother when I don't?"

"Okay, okay, you don't. But she isn my mother, right?"

"I've got it. Beverly isn't your mother."

"You catch on, huh?"

"Catch on what?"

Thrusts forward her small face to mine, her blue eyes blazing. "Don't you unnerstand *anything*!"

"Depends on what country I'm in."

She likes this answer, though only

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five. Relaxes and looks me over. "A-huh," whatever this means.

"Candy. I've got the message that Beverly's not your mother. Your sister, I suppose."

"She's not my sister. Howcome you don't know my sister's in Alaska?"

"How should I? No one told me."

Her face near mine, "You have to be told *everything*, right?"

"Just about, in this country. So Beverly's not your mother, not your sister. She must be a friend of yours."

Flings her hands in despair. "She's not my friend, she's not!"

Some might call this converse but . . . "Is she your enemy, then?"

"She's not my enemy," resigned. "Right?"

"Wrong."

Pause. Her little white teeth grip together. "Can you *hear*?"

"Can you *explain*?"

"Beverly's my doll."

"Well, why didn't you . . . never mind." Hold up the card. "What's this word?"

"Don't you know *yet*?" and storms off to the clay room to make wild shapes.

Learn and survive . . . right?

Along with other not-done-yets, the adaptation of the use of the formula "Release the native imagery of our child and use it for working material." It calls on all I've seen of cultures in other countries on this Earth whose course is run, its loins able no more. Once my marrow is scattered, my course will be run too, so that one looks at everything left in it, and every people too; even that Thrice-Great Magician, the Devil, cradled in evil and rocking our souls. Where was I?

None of what I've seen is for these children, the advance guard of technology, with their long legs, proud faces and elongated bodies, the thrice-great brains; least of all for these their own traditional education. Yet as I walk near the river, wandering and wondering, as I think, as I consider the imagery behind my own eyes, I do remind myself that I have lived but a few weeks within these mountains close to the moon and that what I wonder as I wander could be something less than accurate. Like visitors to my own country letting fly in the press. So that instead of assuming, This is such, That is so, it's better to hold your horses. In the company of the trees where the waters watch, I do hold these horses, thinking, This *may* be so and yet may not.

For what I'm so warily considering is whether education in North America is or is not three decades behind the people herein, so fast have I found the society evolving in the little ones. A people can outstrip its own education and its vocabulary also. Education needs at least to keep up with the people it serves—never mind with other countries—and its vocabulary as well.

> Are we guilty of sedating, or even extinguishing, the third dimension of children's imagination, bombarding it out of action by overstimulation?

Swift, overtumbling evolution calls for as swift and overtumbling a manner of education; a flexible, mobile accompaniment that can twist and probe, spring and somersault to keep abreast of our children themselves. A vocabulary made of elastic, of sensitive rubber, changing form as variously as water. The sciences keep their vocabularies abreast of themselves, so why not education?

The only form of education I know which automatically renews with a people is the oldest. Only the oldest man can teach the newest. When the working material is supplied by our children, it changes with our children. Our education drawn from the native imagery, whatever it happens to be, fits him as well as the organs of his body; the first grunting man the teacher. Sever the new man from the old and you cut continuity, and in losing continuity we lose a dimension indispensable to wholeness. Only organic education can halt man from becoming inorganic. Three dimensions we need for man on Earth; two will do for the moon.

None of which, as I've remarked, is to discountenance, disregard, discredit the handing down of the culture also when we encounter new ideas not arisen in ourselves: reading books we have not written ourselves, seeing things we would not otherwise have seen . . . whatever the condition of whatever the culture for, just as the organic education keeps abreast of us, so do we keep abreast with the culture.

Of course our Earth has run its course if it rots where the seeds are. Of course its loins are no longer able if they rot at the genitals. But after all, why not? Let the spearpoint take off to that habitable planet I hear of in the galaxy . . . it's got the brains to do it. And let the tail end return to nature . . . it's got the heart to do it.

After which pallid pondering I go home and make the tea, then play some human Schubert.

None of which is to say, my dear North Americans . . . and if my affection is something out-of-date it is because my imagery remains intact . . . none of which is to . . . because I never saw anything you could call a book until I was eleven and that was a prize I won, the *Legends of Greece and Rome*; no unskilled teacher invaded the privacy of the house of my mind and took over occupancy; my imagery danced, fought, ate and lived and exercised itself . . . none of which is to say that we suddenly sweep away all the old education and plonk on the new, bang! No. The education of the future needs the education of the past as new leaves need the tree. Only the deadwood of the lower boughs needs to come off with a chain saw so the new leaves can come away. We don't cut down the tree; we need the trunk and the roots bred from history.

In the old education there is much that's retainable, as we all know. . . . I'm not speaking of this country alone at the moment. I sit in the desks with our children in the most formal of classrooms, doing what they do from the BB, listen as they do, and there are teachers I'd like to take back with me to an open school . . . or not. There are teachers I like to come back to where they are. Energy and curiosity make good desk mates.

No, we don't cut down the tree. Education needs its yesterdays.

When I wake in the morning, it is snowing again. . . . I hadn't known it. I've been awake during the night but hadn't heard. When I get up and look outside to see what sort of day . . . strange! The scape is white.

The hour is alive with floating flakes, the new morning full of them. They have no sound as they fly on every whimful current, as they flip inconsequently. You can see wherever the air is breathing by the spinning of the flakes. Often colliding, the careless flakes, to fall regretfully.

What I love about the snow, it is so soft . . . to touch and be touched by. When I walk abroad or alone uptown, it decorates my coat or my hair maybe, and kisses my face sympathetically.

It does not hit you like the rain or sudden memory and it doesn't soak like tears; doesn't push like the wind of circumstance or pull demandingly. It lets you walk in peace.

Its coldness warms this other cold in the place where I kept my heart. The outer snow melts the inner snow in the place where I kept my love; its purity informs me. This is what's strange about the snow: its coldness thaws and warms me. □

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The Society School

THE OUTSIDE WORLD IS IN

BY LILLIAN FOSTER

Like most up-and-coming young entrepreneurs, Wai Ming Kwong takes his banking job seriously. He enjoys the responsibility of managing other people's money and, of course, the pay isn't that bad either. In a few months last spring, Wai Ming earned more than $10,000, quite a substantial cache for a sixth-grader.

Wai Ming and three equally conscientious classmates run the P.S. 126 Commercial Bank. The money they deal with and the money they are paid with is scrip, the basis of an elaborate economic system in an experimental elementary school program that also includes student-run legislative and judicial systems. In effect a miniature simulated society, the project is called the Society School.

P.S. 126, where the Society School has just completed its first full experimental year, is located on Manhattan's Lower East Side in the Two Bridges neighborhood, an eclectic setting of tenements, men's clothing stores, open fruit stands, ethnic restaurants, and public-housing complexes. The student body, reflecting the community, is 40 per cent Chinese, 40 per cent Puerto Rican, 15 per cent black, and 5 per cent white. More than 45 per cent of the students at P.S. 126 are below average in reading ability; it's the sort of school that needs vast infusions of imagination and energy to deal with the common syndrome of poor achievement in a low-income community. At one time the school was part of the Two Bridges experimental decentralized school district, one of three that sparked the 1968 school strikes, but that particular experiment has faded into history. The Society School, on the other hand, appears to be working.

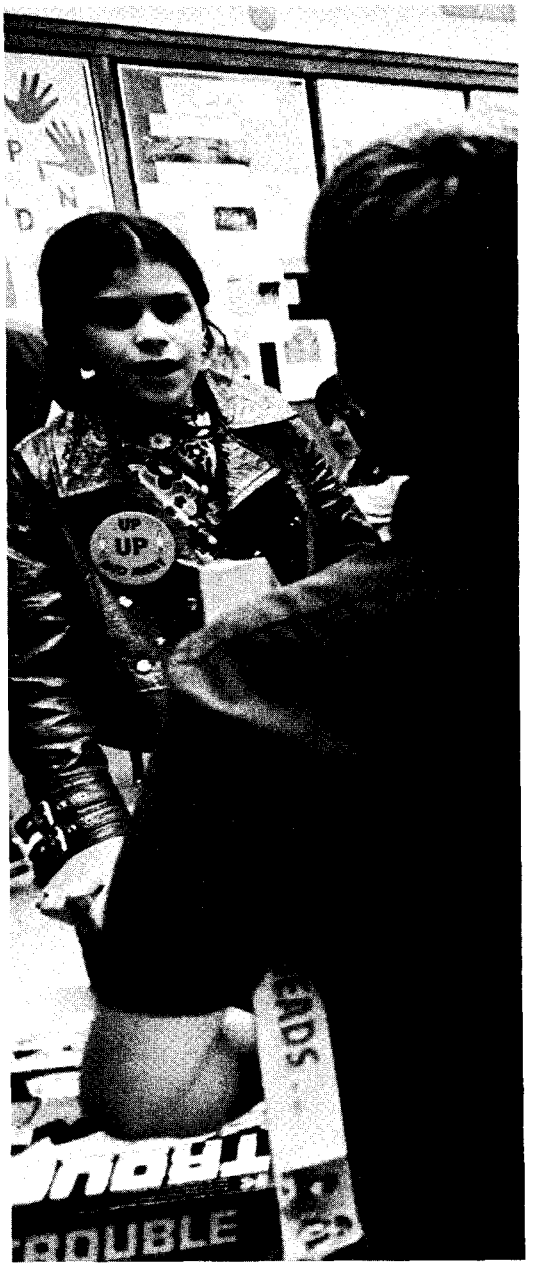
Most people who are acquainted with the Society School attribute its success largely to George Richmond, the man who conceived the idea and organized the experiment. A native of the Lower East Side himself, a graduate of Yale, and now a doctoral candidate at the Harvard Graduate School of Education, Richmond is perpetually on the go but manages to stop, whenever he can, to talk with the children in the program. And even the toughest, most alienated students at P.S. 126 flock around him as if he were some fascinating magician.

Richmond began developing the plans for a society school five years ago when he was a novice fifth-grade teacher in a Brooklyn ghetto school. The idea was born out of sheer desperation. Richmond had tried everything he could think of to capture his students' interest, without success. Grades meant nothing to them. A more meaningful incentive was obviously needed. In what was almost a last-ditch effort, he decided to introduce his class to a glorified form of Monopoly called Real Estate. But Richmond added a new dimension: Instead of giving his students play money, he required them to earn it by completing various classroom assignments. Accumulating scrip and winning the game, Richmond hoped, would stimulate the students to do classroom work and at the same time would expose them to basic economic experiences that he considered important to their future lives. In order to play the game, students not only had to work for pay but also had to spend money to buy, sell, mortgage, and rent "property." Richmond believed the experiment would give students an opportunity to succeed on a number of different levels—to learn, for instance, that brains and good business sense can be as important in winning the respect of one's peers as the ability to win a fistfight.

The game was a huge success, and Richmond tells many stories about the strides his students made that year. One student in particular was transformed from a lonely, passive boy into the cleverest and most respected "businessman" in the class.

After Brooklyn, Richmond used the game in a school in Queens, where he taught fifth grade, and in Project Broad Jump, a summer program for disadvantaged children in New York City. In the fall of 1970 Tom Nardone, a teacher who had met Richmond through Project Broad Jump, asked him to introduce the "microeconomy" game, as Richmond called it, in his fourth-grade class at P.S. 126. The game generated so much enthusiasm that by the end of the school year six other teachers had joined the program.

Richmond spent part of the following summer on plans to expand the microeconomy system to include judicial and legislative systems and obtained



"Going, going . . ."—The key to the Society School's microeconomy system, the classroom auction (above) is a thrice-annual happening at P.S. 126. Students earn scrip money for classroom work and other projects and use it here to buy "real dollar" goods provided by the program. The love-bead kit went for $900.

$40,000 in foundation grants to run the experiment (the money covered the salaries of Richmond and one assistant, paid for a vast quantity of project supplies, and generally backed the students' scrip economy). Last fall he offered the full Society School program, on a voluntary basis, to all fourth-, fifth-, and sixth-grade teachers in the school. Thirteen out of fifteen teachers decided to participate.

Richmond introduced the program in successive stages, starting with the microeconomy sector of the Society

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School. Each teacher was given approximately $3,000 per week in scrip, and each decided for his or her own class how to use the money to develop a functioning "economy." Students received pay for homework, test taking, extra-credit work, classroom jobs, and services performed for the teacher—decorating bulletin boards, for example—and even in some cases $5 a day for just coming to school. As the full society system evolved, students who assumed "professional" positions—judges, bankers, legislators—received additional pay for their work.

The key to the whole Society School economy, the big pay-off where students could cash in their scrip money for real goods, was the classroom auction, held three times a year. In each auction teachers were given $2.50 per student (in real money), or about $70 a class, to purchase such items as baseballs, games, and craft kits, which were then sold to the student who bid the highest amount of scrip money.

Auction day at P.S. 126 was a happening. As soon as the auctioneer, a student or teacher, said, "What am I offered for . . .?" the bidding proceeded fast and furiously, and the air was filled with squeals of delight and groans of dismay. Among the prices and items in one recent auction: $500 (in microeconomy currency) for a baseball bat, $1,000 for a basketball, $200 for a kite, $900 for a love-bead craft kit, and $800 for a gum-ball machine. One student borrowed money from his brother in a different class so he could bid on the gum-ball machine, but the teacher found out and made him return the money. "Class!" she shouted over the buzz of excitement, "you may *not* borrow money from another class. I've told you that Johnny's brother's class's economy is inflated and that ours is deflated!"

Like the microeconomy, the judicial system was also introduced on a class-by-class basis. As students gradually caught on to the fact that they could sue for microeconomy dollars over issues that formerly would have been settled by fights, they initiated classroom trials complete with judges, juries, lawyers, and bailiffs. Three higher court judges for each grade were chosen for interclass and appellate trials, but the classroom trial remained the basic unit of justice for most of the school year.

One example of the Society School judicial system in action occurred when Allen, a member of Jane Stein's fifth-grade class, drew a picture of Blanca, a classmate with a strong penchant for teasing, and stuck a pin in it. Instead of hauling off and slugging him as she might have before the Society School, Blanca simply decided to sue. "You would have to know Blanca to

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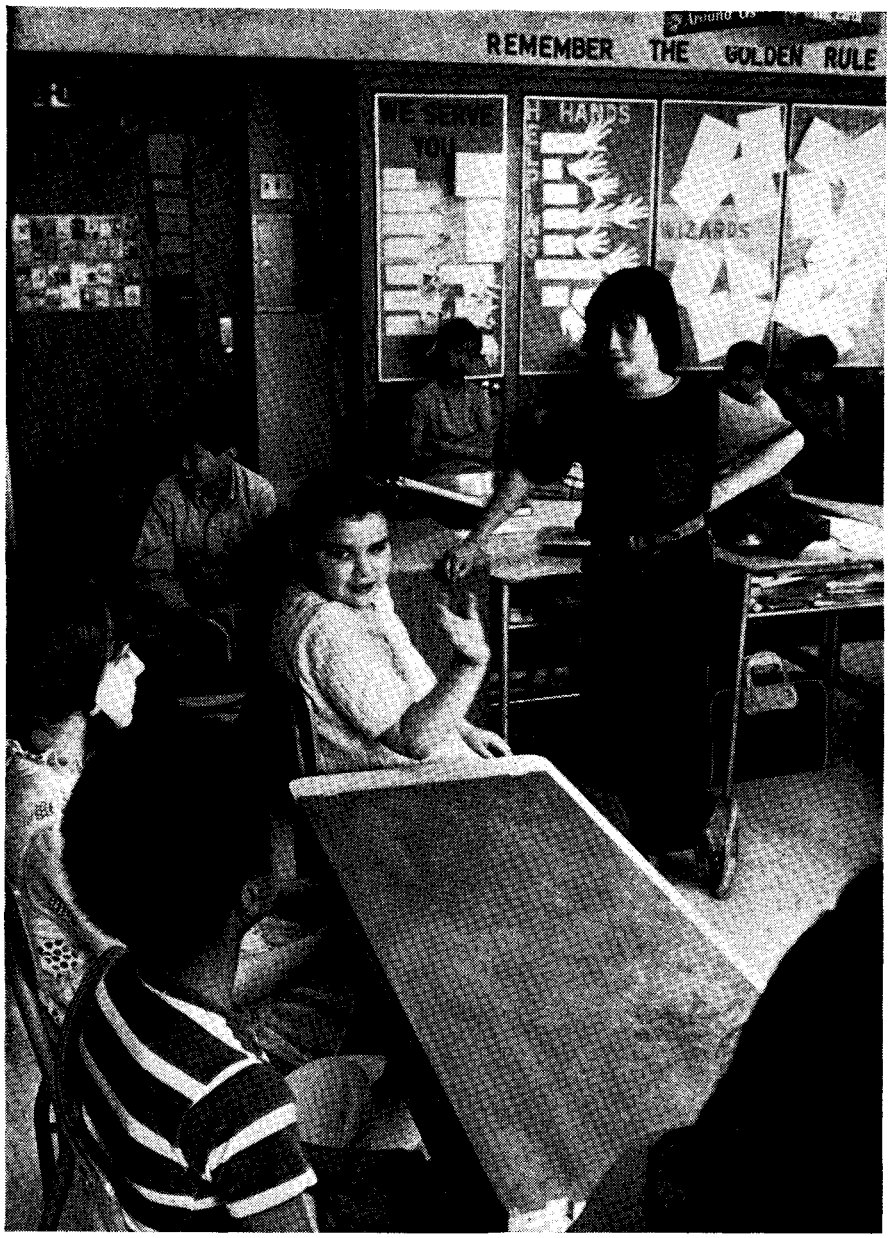

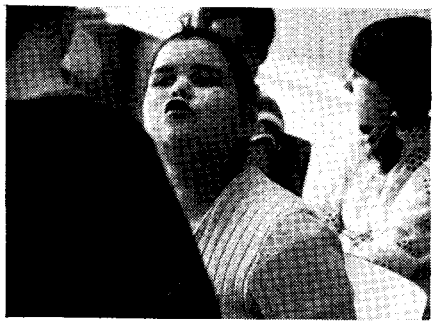

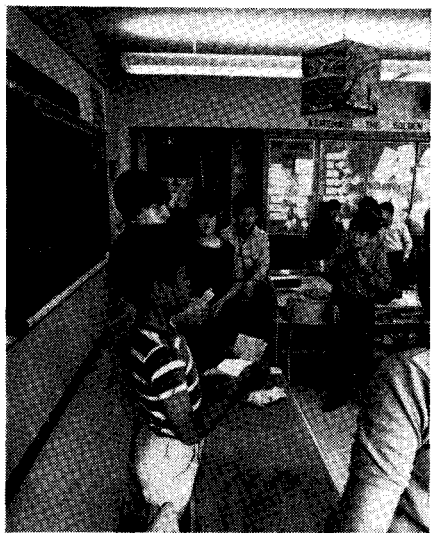

Classroom trials became an accepted mode of settling student squabbles in the Society School. In the case of Blanca v. Allen (above), Blanca takes the stand and suddenly finds herself under heavy fire from the defense attorney. Judge Andre Greenberg (below right) delivers the jury's verdict: Not Guilty.

appreciate what a tremendous breakthrough that was," Mrs. Stein observed at the time. "She's decided to act in a socially acceptable way."

The two student judges who presided at the trial ran a tight ship. Firm commands—"There will be no knitting in my courtroom. Order! Order!"—rang out from the bench periodically, accompanied by the loud banging of the gavel (a paperweight) on a desk. The evidence (the drawing and the pin) was presented to the court, and witnesses were cross-examined by the prosecution and the defense lawyers.

Gradually, the testimony shifted to the question of whether Blanca should sue Allen at all. Blanca didn't have any money, one student pointed out. Was it fair that she could sue others when they couldn't sue her? Then another student raised the question of Blanca's role as class *provocateur*. Didn't she argue and pick fights with Allen and the others all the time? Asked by a defense attorney to respond to these charges, Blanca, seated on the witness stand, just turned her head. "Rolling your eyes is not an answer," one of the judges snapped. "Answer the question!" And finally, after deliberation, the jury returned with a verdict of Not Guilty.

Although the Society School activities take place generally within the normal school schedule and rarely disrupt the standard curriculum, this particular session lasted for close to two hours, some of which had originally been scheduled for routine classwork. But, according to Mrs. Stein, "If the students miss class time to hold a trial, they are learning *more*. They are learning how to argue, how to settle things rationally, and how to get along in the society they are developing in the classroom."

A fully operating government was the last stage in the development of the Society School, because it took a good deal longer to set up than the others. First, the students held a constitutional convention, with two representatives elected from each class, and drew up their own constitution. The constitution then had to be ratified by a general referendum. Finally, after a series of speeches, rallies, and advertising campaigns, elections were held for the positions of president, vice president, secretary, school treasurer, and two legislators from each classroom. With representatives from every class in the school, the legislature was the only branch of the society that functioned schoolwide.

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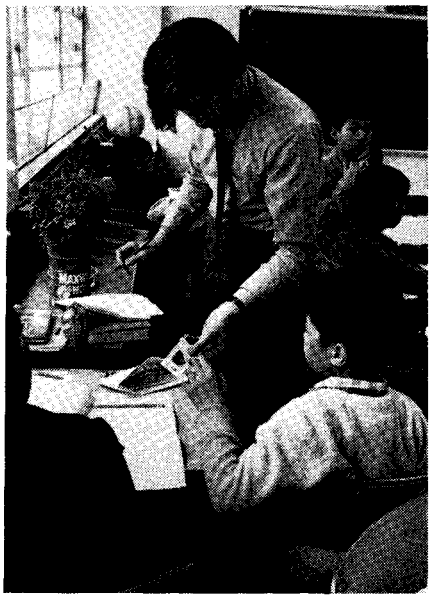

In one of the school's most successful programs, student tutors work on a one-to-one basis with classmates having reading trouble and are paid scrip for their services (above). The P.S. 126 bankers (below) balance their books and keep account of the funds in their strongbox.

The actual form of the student government was something that the faculty adviser, Tom Nardone, encouraged the students to "discover." First, the delegates to the constitutional convention debated the possibility of a communistic system, but they quickly rejected the idea because, as the students theorized, "the school wouldn't allow it." The question then arose of whether to have a police state or a democracy. The vote was close, and the student who held the deciding vote posed the question to his fellow conventioneers of whether he had to vote the way his constituents told him to vote (twenty-three to seven in favor of a police state), or whether he could vote for what he thought was best. Another long debate ensued, and finally the student decided to vote for a democracy.

Richmond and his colleagues at P.S. 126 planned that the government would eventually function as the regulator of the economy and as the lawmaker for the entire society. But most of the latter part of the 1971–72 school year was taken up with clarifying and amending the constitution. In a meeting that focused on judicial procedure, the representatives decided, among other things, that the defense should go first in a trial because otherwise, as several students put it, "the prosecution would have a head start and the defense would not have a chance to catch up." The group also decided to have a seven-man jury, an odd number, "to make things easier," despite the fact that several of them knew about the usual trial procedure.

Another major aspect of the Society School was a Children's University, which met each Thursday afternoon from 1:30 to 3:00. A university in miniature, this part of the program consisted of special elective courses in subjects such as architecture, science, law, drugs, creative writing, and, for the latter part of the year, sports and crafts—a unique opportunity for both students and faculty to choose what they wanted to learn and to teach. One of the most successful university courses was the reading tutorial, in which students with above-average reading ability offered one-to-one help to those who were having difficulties.

Although the New York City school system often has a way of resisting even the noblest experiments and although the Society School had its rough moments, initiating the experiment at P.S. 126 was no problem. Acting Principal Jack Klein consented to the experiment and maintained a hands-off policy as far as administering the program was concerned. Despite some reservations, Klein believes that certain aspects of the program have had a positive effect. "Those who especially needed motivation were much the better for it," Klein observes. He also praises the opportunities for the "serendipity" learning that the program encouraged—students checking books out of the library, for example, to earn extra microeconomy credit.

In this atmosphere of general tolerance, the responsibility for administering the program rested entirely with Richmond and his assistant, Sarah Dubin. Commuting from Boston two days a week, Richmond acted as the idea man and consultant. Mrs. Dubin, who also spent two days a week in the school, functioned as the main coordinator, working closely with individual students and teachers.

At first many of the participants—young and old alike—regarded the program as an idle game. By midyear, however, teachers and students had begun to experiment more seriously with the program's possibilities, and a host of entrepreneurial projects came to life: a commercial bank with branches in the classrooms, a post office, a comic-book business in which students both made and sold their own comics and rented out others they had bought with program funds, a math game business (every time a student either invented a game or led other students in playing it, he or she was paid), two newspapers (one from a fifth-grade class and one from the university's creative-writing course), class stores, and numerous other small businesses, all earning scrip money for enterprising students. A number of teachers even trained their students to take care of all the Society School classroom paperwork—drawing checks, issuing scrip, and keeping accounts—and then paid them for doing the job.

But some classrooms participated less enthusiastically than others. Although all of the students were exposed to the economic, legislative, and judicial systems, not all the teachers were able to make those systems work equally well. Teachers with low-level classes, generally grouped according to achievement on standardized reading tests, complained that their students were too slow for the program and sometimes unable to grasp basic economic principles and procedures. Moreover, although disciplinary problems had been reduced in the slower classes, many teachers said, scrip incentive did not eliminate them. Others felt that the students who were getting the most out of the program were motivated to work hard and achieve before the experiment had started. And a few complained that the extra work they had to devote to classroom accounting and keeping track of the microeconomy took too much time.

There was also a lingering philosophical doubt about the program among staff members generally, a concern that the Society School overemphasized materialistic values and attempted to simulate social conditions that were not, in their opinion, worth duplicating in the first place. "There's more to life than money," one teacher said, "and if I don't teach them that, who will?"

Richmond offers what is clearly a well-rehearsed, though still impassioned, response: "Money is amoral. It is not what money does to people; it is what people do to each other that matters. If we really want to teach children

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that there's more to life than money, the best way is to help them get it into perspective by giving them experience with it and by teaching them how to manage situations in which people compromise themselves and others for material pay-offs."

Richmond is disappointed by the failure of the Society School program to work equally well in all the classrooms, but the fact that it has worked, in some cases beyond his expectations, for a majority of the classes has led him to the conclusion that part of the fault lies with the staff. Although quick to admit that more individual guidance and administrative help were needed, he believes that the amount of time teachers devoted to the program and the success they experienced also depended to a great degree on their commitment to the idea, their ability to teach, their imagination, and their professional independence. With this in mind, Richmond plans to leave P.S. 126 and establish an institute to train teachers and redesign part of the program for implementation in other selected schools.

The main factor affecting the immediate future of the program is the extent to which it can thrive without Richmond's presence on the scene. Many people in the school wonder what will happen after Richmond leaves. Who will run the program? Who will obtain the funds?

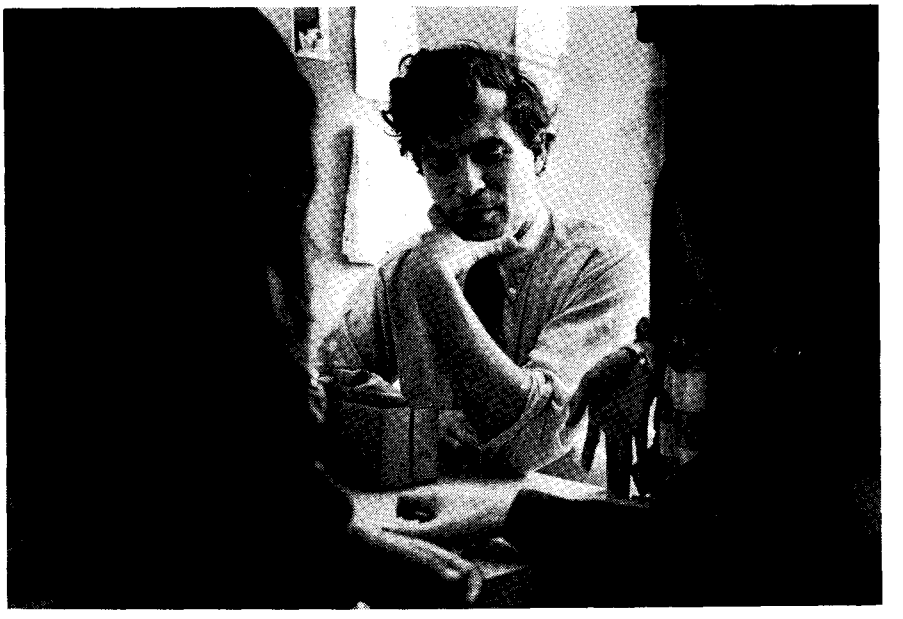
Even spending just two days a week at the school, Richmond managed to be the program's main source of ideas, energy, and enthusiasm. At least five teachers have indicated that, after Richmond has left, they will continue the program in their classes; if additional funding can be found, perhaps much of the program will remain intact. Nevertheless, the future is uncertain. The human dynamo who keeps everyone else going is an all-too-familiar phenomenon; usually when the dynamos leave, the real impetus for change goes with them.

"George's genius is ideas," comments Steve Hymowitz, director of the P.S. 126 athletic program. "He has given weaker teachers a reward system to help them in their classrooms; he has given stronger teachers a program they can use as a jump-off point for enlarging the scope of their class. If one teacher feels more self-confident for only fifteen minutes a day and if only five teachers have changed their behavior 10 per cent, the program has achieved something very important. It has brought something different into the classroom. It has given the kids some power, some incentive. And what's really important, it has turned them on. The real test of how it's working, though, will be what happens next year after George is gone." □

The Society School

AN ALTERNATIVE TO THE DESCHOOLED SOCIETY

BY GEORGE RICHMOND



Society School director George Richmond (above) takes a few minutes out of his hectic schedule to play a math game with several P.S. 126 sixth-graders. One of numerous Richmond-inspired projects, the math game brought additional scrip income to the students who invented it and ran it in the classrooms.

To most critics of traditional schooling, public education has failed because it is inhumane, because it encloses children in an impersonal bureaucratic world, and because it mass-produces an assembly-line mentality through a steady diet of routine, rote learning, tracking, and other standardization techniques. To students and to businessmen, however, schools have failed for very different reasons. High schools and even colleges graduate people who are totally unprepared to work—people with few occupational skills, a fragmented understanding of the significance of employment to their lives, only the slightest inkling of the opportunities available to them, or of the ones they can make for themselves, and virtually no comprehension of the larger economic order they are joining.

From a political perspective, graduates are perhaps worse off. Their exposure to political democracy by the age of twenty doesn't begin to compete with their experience in nonparticipatory forms of governance. If we agree that students learn more from the structure of the school than they learn from the contents of its curriculum, then we cannot help concluding that schools, with their highly centralized bureaucracies, unwittingly serve interests contrary to stated national political purpose. Schools seem to be preparing students in a totalitarian way for a totalitarian experience.

This critique extends to the social realm as well. Most school graduates have only the barest prescriptive and moral notions about law or legal procedure. They leave school with distorted views of law enforcement, with the faintest understanding of our court and penal systems, and with little, if any, recognition of the social contract that binds most of us within what we call society. Similarly, schools stress the normative, rather than the actual, workings of the social and political system. Students come to see the illusions and to feel cheated.

Whatever else schools may be, they are certainly well insulated against those who want to abolish them, for even in their present state of economic obsolescence, schools continue to provide essential services. These range from baby-sitting (a service that liberates parents from nonstop nurturing of their young) to removing millions of students from the work force (a service that occupies those made unemployable by child-labor laws); from providing markets for contractors and

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publishers to simply providing teachers with jobs. Although not without its attractions, the "liberation" such thinkers as Ivan Illich offer us could probably never overcome the obstacles posed by these entrenched interests. Indeed, the deschooled society Illich envisions would not only try the patience of mothers; it would jeopardize the mental health of a population comforted by its institutional bonds. Considering how much is at stake, it's no wonder that the outrage of humanists has failed to change public schooling in any significant way.

This failure isn't nearly as well documented as the general failure of the schools; nevertheless, it's a fact. Recognizing this, we who still refuse to abandon schools are obliged to look for new ways and new alliances that will successfully press traditional schooling to change, mechanisms for change beyond mere indignation against the system. We begin with the premise that any change in traditional schooling will require broad support. It will require us to link the humanistic philosophy that heretofore has characterized educational reformers with the material needs that motivate the masses who attend public schools. In other words, it's time we recognize that the business of America is business, not virtue.

Educational libertarians generally ignore economic motives. Some, like John Dewey, have done so because they wished to preserve democratic ideals against what they perceived as the antidemocratic sentiments of Marxists. Others, like Illich, ignore bread because they wish to celebrate a life-style that puts faith before bread. Whatever the motive, most liberals in education fail to respect the commitments men make to get bread, and by extension they ignore the legitimate influence of simple economic necessity on human history.

To date, the leading humanist educators have appealed mainly to the well-to-do. The alternatives they have posed —free schools, informal schools, open classrooms, and other incarnations of the Dewey legacy—have never spoken to the needs of those whose first priority was to provide themselves with the very possessions that self-styled radicals already have in abundance.

A broad-based attack on traditional schooling must be founded, I suggest, on a combination of humanistic and economic motives. We must recognize that the haves aren't the only ones who want the system to change. Have-nots have a far greater stake in the future of public schools.

Primary schools of tomorrow should foster learning environments in which children create miniature societies of their own. Beginning with an elaborate simulation of an economy (complete with currency, property, and markets), students will be helped to build organizations within their schools that will parallel existing organizations in the adult world. Some of these will be small businesses; others will be government agencies, courts, law firms, accounting firms, newspapers, educational programs, publishing enterprises, banks, construction industries, real estate firms, and the like. The central thrust of such mini-societies will be toward engaging young people in institutional processes, not to be thwarted by them but to gain a proprietary interest in, and understanding of, their own immediate environs. In short, Society Schooling adds the development of entrepreneurial and civic skills to the public school's educational mission.

As these processes begin to operate, the normal academic program will give way to human activity that treats academic skills as means, not ends. Instead of composition exercises, students will write letters, magazine articles, newspaper stories, books, comic books, and plays. Accounting, bookkeeping, managing checking accounts, organizing savings bank books, and working out architectural problems will supplant arithmetic exercises. Reading will be connected to ongoing developments within the school and local community. Instead of relying entirely on publishers for reading materials, students will create their own. They will publish to communicate, communicate to trade, and trade to prosper. The three Rs will no longer be excursions in boredom; they will be intimately linked to necessity and survival.

The mysteries of law will also be revealed. In recent years school crime has risen dramatically. To date, our inadequate solution to that rise has been a corresponding growth in adult security forces. Tomorrow's school will have its own student law enforcement personnel, its own legislative body, and its own court system. At first these courts may administer law by common consent and with common sense. Later, justice may be determined by precedent and statute. Taking this a step further, the Society School offers students the opportunity to devise their own social engineering system and to experience the tensions of living within the constraints of the system they choose.

Secondary schools will move in a similar direction. In the late Sixties the Parkway Program in Philadelphia made a significant step toward an integration of school with other ongoing institutions in society. Unfortunately, the experiment did not adequately prepare its students to participate in the sophisticated economic institutions just around the corner, and in many cases the institutions themselves did not have the initiative or the practical means to undo a hundred years of factory schooling.

More important, the leaders of the experiment had essentially libertarian goals; they had no taste for the "narrow necessities" of economics. Not surprisingly, middle-class children thrived at Parkway, while blacks and others from low-income groups found little in the new setting to serve their needs beyond the liberation it provided from the factory schools they had been attending before.

Yet Parkway was a beginning. Tomorrow's schools will not mistakenly send students into organizations that are ill-prepared to receive them, as Parkway did. Instead, experiences in creating and operating organizations will be accessible in the early school years. Once student-created institutions mature, they may even extend themselves to serve the local community—Parkway in reverse.

I am not suggesting that students be programed for a career from the time they enter grammar school. I do urge educators, however, to make a variety of career experiences available to children while they are in school and to avoid separating those experiences from an ideology of work. Society Schooling is based on the premise that human beings actualize themselves through work, that positive self-concepts are formed as individuals respond positively and successfully to stimuli in their immediate environment, and that learning to initiate, to lead, and to organize work is a vital form of education.

Schools in their present form contribute virtually nothing of economic value to society. This must be radically changed. Schools must become useful and productive institutions; otherwise, they demean whatever work their teachers and students do within them. School organizations and the individuals who work in them must, therefore, become wealth producers. The wealth they produce should take the form of goods and services produced by others. Nor should this exchange be limited to the school's own closed economy. Schools should use the labor they have and the wealth they produce to aid the community that supports them. Similarly, teachers must be trained to offer children something more than arithmetic exercises and spelling bees, while carrying out baby-sitting functions. Few teachers know anything about law, banking, architecture, political and economic processes, city planning, business, accounting, government, medicine, jurisprudence, law enforcement, or any other field beyond the perimeters of child care. It's time they learned. □

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Black Land-Grant Colleges

DISCRIMINATION AS PUBLIC POLICY

BY PETER H. SCHUCK

More than 50,000 black students (one out of every nine black collegians in the United States) attend a unique group of institutions of higher learning —the black land-grant colleges. They are unusual in terms of their historical roots, their student bodies, their educational mission and accomplishments, and their legal and political status. But what distinguishes them most dramatically from other public colleges is the shockingly discriminatory treatment that they have long received at the hands of the states and of the federal government, particularly the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA), established by President Lincoln in 1862 as the "people's Department."

The sixteen black land-grant colleges, all located in the southern and border states, are a diverse group. The largest, Southern University A&M College in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, has an enrollment of almost 10,000, but Delaware State College enrolls barely more than 1,000 students. Lincoln University in Missouri and Alcorn A&M in Mississippi are each more than a century old, while Fort Valley State College in Georgia and Prairie View A&M College in Texas were established only in 1947. These black land-grant colleges also differ enormously from one another in terms of curriculum, intellectual attainment, and academic focus. But for all their differences, certain similarities are striking.

Each of the black land-grant colleges was founded as part of a system of legally sanctioned segregation. The Morrill Act of 1862, which sought to democratize American higher education by instructing "the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life," provided little comfort for southern blacks, since the colleges established with the funds in these states were white preserves, barred by custom (and later by law) from admitting them. In 1890 Congress enacted the Second Morrill Act, which increased federal assistance to the original institutions and also authorized the creation of black land-grant colleges. The act provided that where separate colleges for whites and blacks existed Morrill funds were to be "equitably divided."

The southern and border states implemented the 1890 act by establishing separate land-grant colleges for blacks. These "Colleges of 1890" have, along with the other black institutions, traditionally been, and still remain, the major route for ambitious blacks to an inexpensive college education and entry into the professions. Of the 470,000 blacks enrolled in colleges in 1970, 36 per cent attended predominantly black institutions, over a third of these in the black land-grant institutions. In the South these proportions are far higher.

What is more important, the black land-grant institutions educate a very significant share of students from low-income families. According to the Carnegie Commission for Higher Education, the average family income of 37.6 per cent of black students entering black colleges in 1968 was less than $4,000. Yet the black land-grant colleges, as well as the predominantly black colleges, generally have had, in the commission's words, "remarkable" success in training such "high risk" students.

Despite this long-standing record of success where other colleges have failed—perhaps because 93 per cent of the budgets of the 1890 institutions are devoted to teaching—the continued viability of the 1890 colleges (and other black public colleges) is endangered by two major threats: formal integration and continued segregation. As John Egerton has documented in *Black Public Colleges: Integration and Disintegration*, integration of public higher education in the South has increasingly meant the destruction of black public institutions and, with them, of the only hope of tens of thousands of blacks for a college education. Several of the 1890 colleges, including West Virginia State and Lincoln University, now are predominantly white. In many other states, among which are Tennessee, Florida, and Virginia, another pattern is becoming all too clear. These states have moved either to upgrade neighboring white institutions or to establish new, competitive, predominantly white college facilities close to the black colleges. In either case the result is the same: The black colleges find it impossible to hold their white students and steadily more difficult to attract the most talented blacks. Lawsuits challenging the legality of these practices have been filed in several states.

As plaintiffs in these cases argue, this form of "integration" may well end with blacks paying a terrible price, not simply in terms of reduced black student and faculty enrollment, but also in the destruction of extremely serviceable institutions uniquely capable of fulfilling the educational and social-mobility needs of black Americans.

Destruction through integration, however, is but one threat to the 1890 colleges. Destruction through segregation is another. To be sure, the land-grant colleges, like all public colleges, are nominally integrated, and the black colleges slightly more so than the white. According to the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW) Office for Civil Rights, the white land-grant colleges in dual-system states are about 5 per cent black, at the same time that the 1890 colleges are about 7 per cent white.

Nevertheless, the funding patterns of the white and the black land-grant colleges confirm what the law denies: Inequality and segregation are alive and well in the land-grant college system. An examination of these patterns reveals a number of suggestive facts.

First, the 1890 institutions receive very little revenue from private sources. The Ford Foundation's $100-million program of assistance to black higher education applies only to private colleges and will not affect these public institutions.

Second, state appropriations for the white and black land-grant colleges are unequal, and the disparity in these appropriations increases yearly. State appropriations to the white and black land-grant colleges on a per capita basis during fiscal 1970 were $1,585 and $1,180, respectively. In fiscal 1971 the

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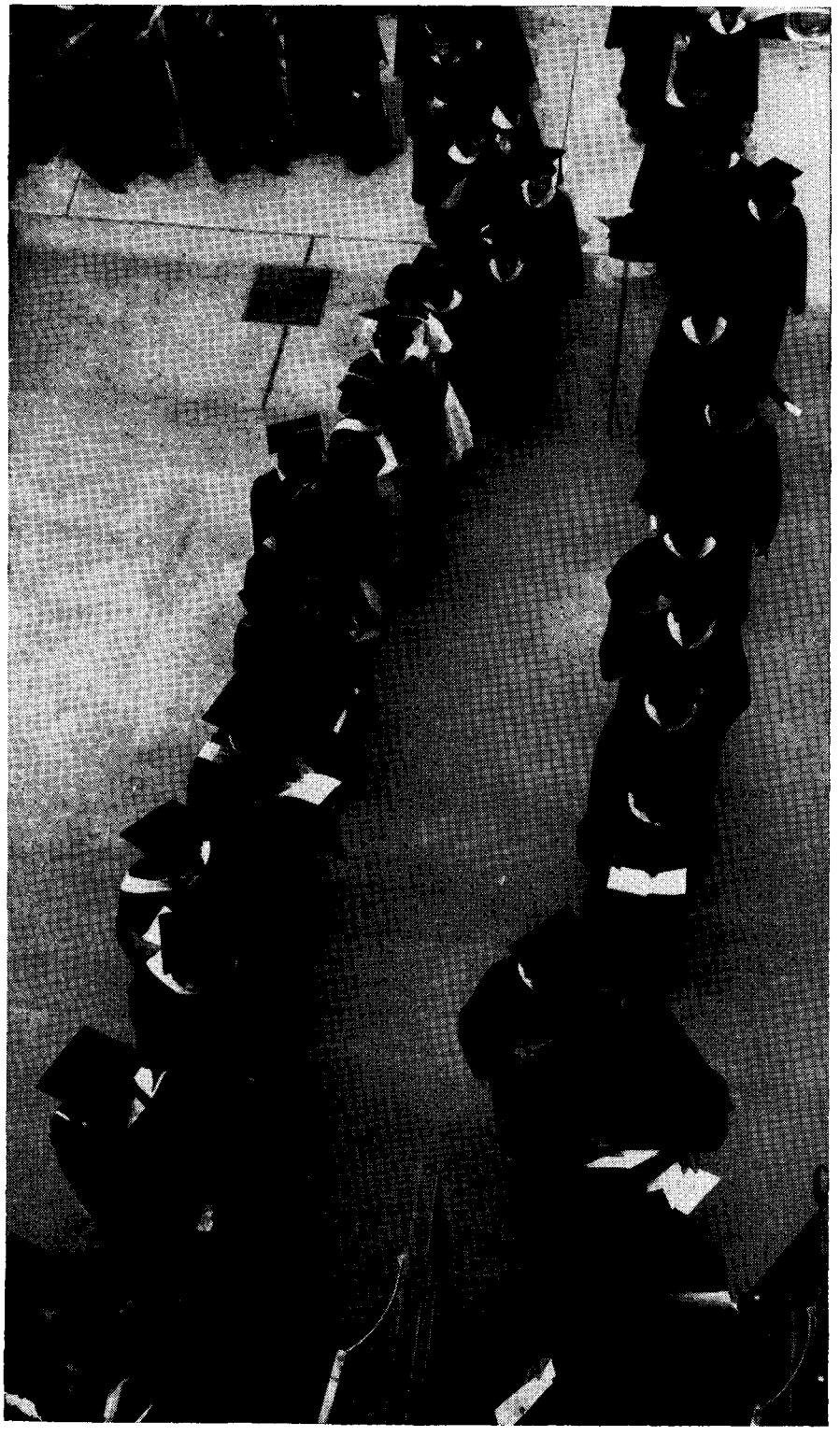

corresponding figures were $1,763 and $1,260, respectively. Thus, while per capita state appropriations increased for both groups, the share of such appropriations going to the 1890 black colleges declined from 74 per cent to 71 per cent. In individual states the situation is often much worse (and only occasionally better). In Texas, for example, the per capita share of the 1890 college (Prairie View) was only about 28 per cent of that of the 1862 college (Texas A&M) in fiscal 1971.

Third, as unequal as the state aid to black and white land-grant colleges tends to be, federal grants-in-aid are far more unequal, and the gap continues to widen. Between fiscal 1968 and 1970 the per capita amount going to the 1890 colleges declined both absolutely (from $352 to $310) and proportionately (from about 50 per cent to 44 per cent).

The inequality of federal assistance is nowhere more egregious than with respect to funds disbursed through the USDA. Of the approximately $76.8 million in USDA funds allocated to land-grant schools in 1970, about 99.5 per cent went to the sixteen white land-grant colleges; the 1890 colleges received a grand total of $383,000 (or 0.5 per cent).

The land-grant college system is built around three activities—resident instruction, agricultural extension, and agricultural research. Two of them—agricultural extension and agricultural research—are supported by USDA and state matching funds. (The third, resident instruction, is supported at the federal level mainly by HEW.)

The Cooperative Extension Service of USDA, established by the Smith-Lever Act of 1914, provides federal funds for extension services at the land-grant colleges. The act stipulates that where a state has separate land-grant colleges the USDA appropriations for extension work shall be divided "as the [state] legislature . . . may direct." Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia, author of the act, made the purpose of this provision crystal-clear: "We do not . . . want the fund if it goes to any but the white college." His purpose has been admirably served. In

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As unequal as state aid to black land-grant colleges tends to be, federal assistance is far more unequal, and the gap continues to widen.

each state where white and black land-grant colleges exist the state legislature has directed that *all* federal extension funds go to the 1862 college. USDA has complied.

Much the same situation exists for agricultural research. Under the Hatch Act of 1887, USDA appropriations for research in states with two land-grant colleges are divided "as the legislature of such State shall direct." In the case of forestry research, the McIntyre-Stennis Act of 1962 permits the governor of each state to designate the recipient of federal funds. Again the pattern of discrimination repeats itself. In fiscal 1971 *all* $28,883,229 appropriated by Congress for agricultural and forestry research went to 1862 colleges; 1890 colleges got nothing.

These functions—agricultural extension and agricultural research—are critical to the ability of a land-grant college to attract and retain talented faculties and students, to keep abreast of developments in modern agricultural technology and education, and to reach and serve adequately the needier elements in rural America. Extension, in particular, is the crucial link between the small farmer and USDA programs, such as credit and subsidies. Yet USDA has, in effect, barred the black land-grant colleges from exercising those vital functions.

USDA officials invariably justify their policy on two grounds. First, they contend that black land-grant colleges lack the research and extension capabilities of their white counterparts. While this is obviously (and circularly) true, USDA and others recognize that the black land-grant colleges possess certain formidable strengths, which for lack of funds have never been fully exploited. A joint committee study conducted by the USDA and the Association of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges showed that 1890 colleges had significant capabilities in areas involving nutrition, environmental quality, psychology, consumer education, rural development, community health, and outreach to the rural poor. The committee report conceded that the extension service had abandoned its original concern with the rural disadvantaged in favor of "an increased involvement with people in the middle- and upper-income levels." But the report omitted criticism of USDA policy toward the black schools, concluding simply that the 1890 colleges "have a contribution to make to the efforts of cooperative extension."

USDA's other justification for its nonsupport of black land-grant colleges is more difficult to refute but equally invalid. USDA contends that it is the states, and not USDA, that decide how USDA money will be spent. The issue, like most concerning the 1890 colleges, is part legal and part political. The various federal acts do permit each state to divide USDA funds between the white and the black land-grant colleges as the state legislature directs. At the same time they also include provisions requiring the withholding of *all* research or extension funds from a state if *any* of the designated appropriations are "misapplied." Other federal departments have, on a number of occasions, withheld money under these statutes. In some instances political manipulation of funds was the reason given, whereas in others the state seemed to be using federal money poorly. Yet USDA has never withheld funds because of a state's racial discrimination or its denial of equal protection of the laws.

The Civil Rights Act of 1964 sought to put the enormous potential of federal assistance programs at the service of racial justice. Title VI of that act provides that "no person . . . shall, on the grounds of race, color, or national origin, be excluded from participation in, be denied the benefits of, or be subjected to discrimination under any program or activity receiving federal financial assistance." In addition, the act requires that each federal agency promulgate regulations implementing Title VI and providing for the withholding of federal assistance in the event of the state's failure to comply.

USDA issued its Title VI regulations in 1964 and has consistently failed to enforce them ever since. In 1965 the extension services were still formally segregated and still unequal, with white agents based at the white schools serving only white farmers and black agents based at the black schools serving only black farmers. All top administrative posts were held by whites, blacks supervised only other blacks, and all other aspects of the services were rigidly segregated. After a series of very critical reports by the Civil Rights Commission and USDA's own Office of Inspector General (OIG), Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman finally ordered the merger of the segregated extension services in each state. The result was that virtually all extension activities were thereafter based at the white campuses, many black extension personnel lost their jobs, and those who remained were almost always demoted in favor of their white counterparts. A new round of investigations by the OIG in 1969 and the Civil Rights Commission in 1970 and 1971 disclosed that little progress has been made.

In addition, private lawsuits have been brought against the Mississippi and Alabama extension services alleging flagrant violations of the civil rights laws. On September 1, 1971, U.S. District Judge Frank Johnson ruled in favor of the plaintiffs in the Alabama action, and in an exhaustive opinion he detailed the systematic racial discrimination still practiced by the extension service at Auburn University (the white land-grant college in Alabama):

> The racial discrimination in this case has so permeated the employment practices and services distribution of the [Alabama extension service] that this Court finds it necessary to enter a detailed and specific decree, which will not only prohibit discrimination but which will also prescribe procedures designed to prevent discrimination in the future and to correct the effects of past discrimination.

Yet despite the well-known illegal practices described by Judge Johnson, and despite the clear language of Title VI and of USDA's regulations, USDA has never made the slightest move to withhold any funds for these violations.

This is not to say that the Nixon administration has been wholly indifferent to the plight of the black land-grant colleges. Former Agriculture Secretary Clifford Hardin, evidencing greater courage than his Democratic predecessor, accepted, first, a proposed allocation of about $4 million for the 1890 colleges in the 1972 budget for extension and research and, then, an amendment by Democratic Representative Frank Evans of Colorado, increasing this allocation to $12.6 million ($4 million for extension, $8.6 million for research), mostly under a 1965 law permitting USDA to grant research funds directly to institutions.

Although this is certainly a welcome development, this new fund is small, relative to the need, and leaves completely unchanged the venerable system whereby basic programs of southern agricultural research and education remain firmly and exclusively in the hands of the white land-grant colleges, colleges that have concerned themselves largely with the promotion of agricultural technology and the interests of white, relatively prosperous farmers. Every indication suggests that the "people's Department" will continue its refusal to enforce the law against states discriminating in the allocation of USDA funds. □

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SR EDUCATION UPDATE

The Amish

On May 15 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that members of the Amish religious sect are not subject to state compulsory education laws. The case, described in an article by Stephen Arons, "Compulsory Education: The Plain People Resist" [*SR*, January 15], concerned Amish parents in New Glarus, Wisconsin, who refused, because of their religious beliefs, to send their children to the local high school after completion of the eighth grade. A state court tried and convicted the parents of violating the state's compulsory education law, and the Wisconsin Supreme Court subsequently reversed the lower court's decision. The case was then appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Amish residents of a number of states, over the years, have been jailed or fined for their refusal to send their children to school beyond the eighth grade. (Their religious doctrine holds that higher education of any kind is a deterrent to salvation.) However, this is the first such case that has been appealed to the nation's highest court.

Although the New Glarus case was settled on the narrow grounds of religious freedom and any general challenge to compulsory education was specifically denied, special interest attached to the case because of the current, widespread criticism of public education. Schools, the argument runs, are unavoidably places in which attitudes and beliefs are formed and reinforced. Yet the public schools reflect and inculcate only majority values. Therefore, many Americans can legitimately claim that their personal values or those of their cultural, ethnic, racial, or religious group are trampled by the public education system. Therefore, they too should be subject to the First Amendment, which, as Justice Louis Brandeis noted some years ago, seeks "to protect Americans in their beliefs, their thoughts, their emotions, and their sensations."

The issue is complicated by the fact that the Court has already declared that students cannot be required to attend public schools. As a result, those with economic means can send their children to private schools that adequately reflect their personal values. But the poor have no such option.

The May 15 decision gave no support to those who would challenge the validity of compulsory education laws more generally. Chief Justice Warren E. Burger's decision not only emphasized the long history of Amish resistance to the impact of contemporary influences but seemed to indicate that the Court would not be sympathetic to similar challenges by other groups. "It cannot be overemphasized," the decision said, "that we are not dealing with a way of life and mode of education by a group claiming to have recently discovered some 'progressive' or more enlightened process for rearing children for modern life."

Despite the tenor of the Court's decision, however, we will probably hear more discussion of the issue in the future. A number of legal scholars at universities on both the East and West coasts are continuing their studies of compulsory education laws as they affect the poor, especially ethnic and racial minorities.

Duluth

Shortly after Dick Hubert's article "The Duluth Experience" [*SR*, May 27] had gone to press, on May 9, the Duluth School Board voted, 7-2, to postpone indefinitely the class desegregation plan it had earlier approved, which was scheduled to go into effect in September 1972. The reasons for the board's action are complex, but what seems apparent is that the wealthy and middle-class citizens of Duluth were emotionally unprepared to lead the nation in socioeconomic integration. Duluth had been chosen by the state board since its population of 100,000 is 97 to 98 per cent white and only six of its thirty-two elementary schools had more than 30 per cent low-income/minority students.

As matters stand now:

a) The local branch of the NAACP plans to file suit against the Duluth School Board, charging that its reversal turned a *de facto* segregation situation into a *de jure* segregation situation.

b) The Minnesota State Board of Education is considering turning its desegregation guidelines into "Rules and Regulations," which would place the entire issue on a higher legal status. That decision could come this summer and, ironically, was one of the reasons used by the Duluth board to kill the desegregation plan.

c) The Duluth School Board is considering either closing Franklin Elementary, the one school with a *racial* minority of over 30 per cent, or turning it into a "magnet" school open to all. Black leaders in the community have told school officials that they will not agree to the closing unless *all* Duluth schools are desegregated.

d) Finally, the issue has seriously divided the citizenry of Duluth, with some applauding the board's action and others accusing it of practicing crass discrimination.

Socioeconomic integration has been effectively shelved in Duluth for the present. Unfortunately, the issue refuses to go away. It will, we suspect, be with us for quite some time.

The Editors

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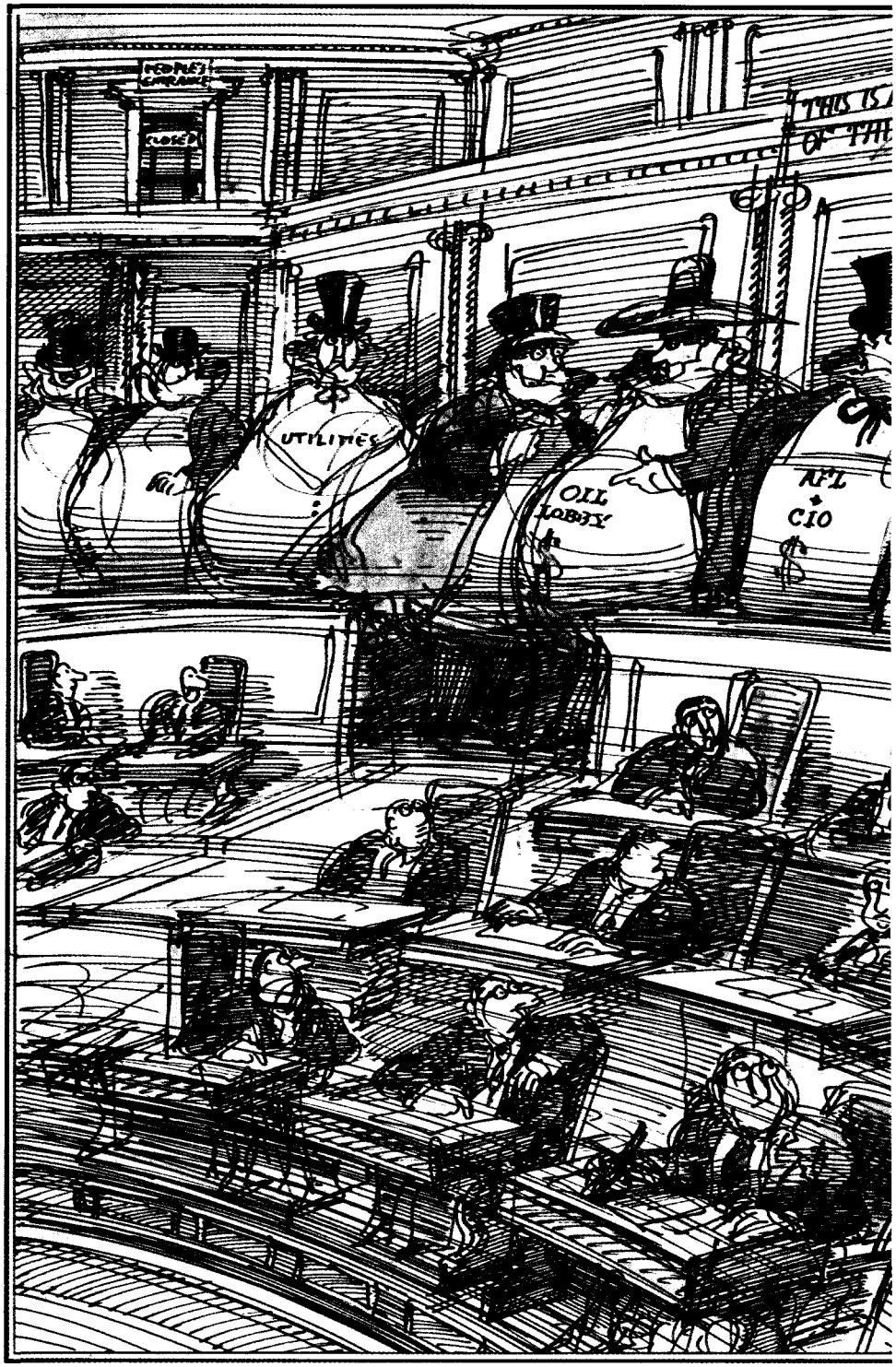

THE UNION MERGER MOVEMENT

WILL 3,500,000 TEACHERS PUT IT ALL TOGETHER?

BY MYRON LIEBERMAN

Summer 1980. The Democratic Convention, meeting in Chicago, is deadlocked through six ballots. Then Senator Walter Mondale (D.-Minn.) pledges himself, if elected President, to work toward federal assumption of at least one-half the costs of all public education, from preschool through university. On the seventh ballot some 125 delegates switch to Mondale: They include eighty-five classroom teachers, twenty-six college professors, and fourteen officers of locals of the National Education Association (NEA). On the eighth ballot virtually all delegates beholden to the Public Employment Department of the AFL-CIO also switch to Mondale, along with a substantial number of black delegates who remember his courageous stand during the antibusing hysteria of 1972.

Mondale is nominated. His vice presidential nominee is Florida Governor D. Robert Graham, who has served on the Executive Committee of the Education Commission of the States. He has also been chairman of NEA's Research Foundation and as

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such came into close contact with the NEA leaders who supported his nomination over that of several better-known candidates. Shortly after the convention NEA's $35-million "political education fund" is placed squarely behind the Mondale-Graham ticket. Throughout the campaign Republican leaders in key states charge again and again that teachers and professors are resorting to pro-Democratic propaganda in their classrooms, are using sabbatical leaves for political instead of academic purposes, and are illegally making political intelligence on students available to leading Democratic party officials. The Mondale-Graham ticket is elected.

Possible? On June 5, 1972, the New York State Teachers Association (NEA), with approximately 102,000 active members, voted in referendum to approve a merger with the United Teachers of New York (AFT). This merger alone will result in the largest single state organization of public employees in the United States and will generate enormous pressure in both national organizations to initiate merger negotiations. One need only look at the 1972 McGovern campaign, with its heavy reliance upon students and the academic community, to sense the enormous political potential inherent in such a huge national organization of educators. More than one million teachers are already members of NEA. Another 250,000 teachers belong to the American Federation of Teachers (AFT). For years these two teacher organizations have competed intensely for members and for exclusive bargaining rights. But the antieducation mood of the country and the financial problems of education are bringing them together. In many states public school teachers are uniting with faculties in higher education to prevent staff reduc-

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tions, closing down of facilities, increases in class size, repeal of tenure laws, and other threats to teacher welfare. Nationally and statewide, the AFT and the NEA are moving toward merger. A nationally merged organization could represent more than 3.5 million teachers. It would be the largest union of any kind in the U.S.

The merger movement started small, in Flint, Michigan, in 1969. The following year in Los Angeles the Association of Classroom Teachers (ACTLA) and AFT Local 1021 combined to form the United Teachers of Los Angeles with more than 14,000 members. NEA state affiliates in Rhode Island and Illinois have announced their willingness to talk merger. Most significant, statewide merger was approved in New Orleans and New York early this month.

Prior to the 1960s such a merger between the AFT and the NEA was virtually unthinkable. The NEA, founded in 1859, has historically perceived itself as a professional association, not a union. It shunned collective bargaining, strikes, and other militant tactics. It permitted, even encouraged, administrators—i.e., "management"—to join.

Teachers are getting the idea: Treat education as "nonpartisan" and forfeit your influence.

The AFT has always excluded managerial employees from membership. As a result, the AFT became the dominant teacher organization in large urban centers where unions flourish generally and where classroom teachers felt more strongly the need for a powerful representative organization. In suburban and rural school districts, where "union tactics" typically received less support from teachers, the NEA predominated. Recently, however, the NEA affiliates have been forced to adopt the substance as well as the form of unionization in order to compete for members. Thus, many traditional differences between the NEA and the AFT are being all but obliterated.

An NEA-AFT merger would dramatically accelerate the emergence of teacher organizations as a major power base in American society. This is already happening so rapidly that the vast majority of teachers themselves are unaware of the fact. So, seemingly, are the mass media, school boards, and school administrators. One reason the proposed merger has attracted so little public attention is that its leadership is not settled, and cannot be, until the merger is consummated. Whoever fills the leadership vacuum will influence, in large part, the directions the new organization will take. The traditional internal governance structure of the NEA and its affiliates provides that officers are elected annually, cannot ordinarily run for re-election, and are not full-time. Consequently, most of the power in the associations is exercised by staff members who do not run for office. In the AFT, the much smaller present organization, elected political leaders exercise the power.

The political potential of teacher organizations is illustrated by the growing national prominence of the AFT's Albert Shanker, one of the prime movers behind the merger. Shanker, president of both the New York City United Federation of Teachers (UFT) and United Teachers of New York (UTNY), the state affiliate of the AFT, is a force to be reckoned with in American education. He is the first elected leader of a major teacher organization to build it into a formidable political force. The UFT is already the largest local union of any kind in the world, and its annual revenues exceed those of the AFT itself. The guest list for its spring luncheon last March suggests its political clout. I counted five members of the U.S. House of Representatives, nine state senators and twenty-one members of the state assembly (including the Democratic leaders in both houses), the state attorney general and state comptroller, the deputy mayor and comptroller (a mayoralty aspirant) of New York City, eight members of the city council, and a host of candidates for these and other political offices.

If most of the membership in a merged national organization came from the AFT, the dominant leader after the merger might surely be Shanker. But inasmuch as the NEA will provide about 80 per cent of the members, most of the top leadership will probably come from its state affiliates rather than from the AFT. And, unfortunately, the revolving-door structure of annual officers who cannot be re-elected has left an enormous political vacuum in the associations—reflected not only in their own internal politics, but also in their lack of impact on the state and national governments.

How could the NEA and its affiliates have avoided "political" leadership for so long? The answer is the pernicious

Albert Shanker, president of the largest local union of any kind in the world, New York City's United Federation of Teachers. Shanker asserts that the very survival of the public school system hinges on a national merger of teacher organizations. "There are two blocs of enemies of public education," says Shanker. "The conservatives and the New Left. The New Left is especially dangerous because of its influence on the media. For years, people viewed the schools as one of the great institutions of our society. Now the New Left is saying that schools are nothing but an instrument of society's oppression to keep everybody in his place.

"Schools are also losing public support because the educational gap between the teacher and the average person has considerably narrowed. Now that so many parents have gone to college, they think they can do a better job of educating their children than the schools. They look upon the teacher as somebody who didn't make it in med school.

"No doubt, a lot of people will react with shock and hysteria to the concept of merger, the thought of all these teachers in one organization, able to shut down schools and collect money for politics. But there's no reason for the school boards or principals to roll over and raise the white flag. The power of a teacher organization depends on the solidarity of its members. If members are divided on an issue, like busing, you can't have much clout.

"Still, a merged organization would have tremendous political power in areas like tax reform, the amount of money that's put into education and where that money will go, issues such as performance contracting, vouchers, aid to church schools, and standards for certification for entry into the profession. And if it is true that nonschool factors like hunger, disease, or poor housing are preventing the teachers from doing their job, then I would hope that teachers would become involved in the improvement of those conditions, too."

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Tom Hobart, head of the New York State Teachers Association, an NEA affiliate, which has just merged with Albert Shanker's AFT affiliate, the United Teachers of New York. "Without merger, the cost of competition between our groups in New York would be staggering. The vote for jurisdiction over the State University of New York comes up next year. That alone would cost us each about $250,000. If we went to statewide bargaining, it might cost five or six million dollars for each election. That's an awful lot of money to use to convince teachers that other teachers are bad people. When the NEA was fighting against the AFT in Buffalo in 1966, I put out a brochure that said, 'Who do you want to join with? The American Medical Association? The American Bar Association? Or that other dirty group which is like Amalgamated Butchers?' And a lot of teachers were upset because their fathers were butchers, not doctors or lawyers.

"During the 1960s we did not want to be associated with collective bargaining because it was a union term. So we put on a charade and said we would accept 'professional negotiation.' Finally, we hedged some more and said 'collective negotiation.' One day I was at my mother's house, and she asked how my union was going. It infuriated me. So she looked up 'union' in the dictionary, and it said that unions engaged in collective bargaining for the welfare of their members, helped implement contracts through grievance processes, and guaranteed the rights of the members. And that's exactly what we had been doing.

"The teachers have never thought of themselves as powerful in politics. Personally, I'd rather go out for a candidate and hope that, if he was elected, he'd be committed to education."

doctrine that "Education should be removed from partisan politics" (as if there is some other kind!). Of course, neither personnel administration nor public school curriculum below the public policy level should be dominated by any political party or interest group. Regrettably, however, the doctrine has been interpreted to mean that these things are or could be removed from politics, and that is a fallacy of tremendous proportions. The level of public support for education, like the level for the defense budget or for not growing cotton, is what politics is all about. For generations the educational establishment has been seeking public support for education without having to fight for it in the political arena. To this day it is committed to separating education from the political processes that determine the level of support for public services generally. As a result, most states have "nonpartisan" local boards of education and "nonpolitical" state departments of education.

This anachronistic structure of educational governance is about to be wiped out. Teachers can be slow learners, but they are finally getting the message: Treat education as a "nonpartisan" service of government and you cripple your efforts to fund it properly or to redirect it to more progressive objectives. Thus, as teacher organizations become more politicized, government will directly react—mayors will appoint city school superintendents, and governors will do likewise at the state level. "Nonpartisan" boards of education, like old soldiers, may never die, but they will surely fade away.

The potential political impact of an NEA-AFT merger is apparent from the number of bodies and dollars involved. In 1971 the NEA enrolled 1,103,000 members, the AFT approximately 250,000. However, both the immediate and long-term membership of a merged organization is likely to be much larger than these figures suggest. For one thing, about 624,000 teachers are members of state associations affiliated with NEA but are not members of NEA nationally. By ensuring its state affiliates against a loss in income if "unified" membership is required—that is, if members must join both state and national organizations—the NEA is achieving substantial success in enlisting state-affiliated teachers as NEA national members. Since the AFT membership structure already requires unified local, state, and national membership, merger would provide tremendous impetus to "unification" in the merged organization.

An NEA-AFT merger would also attract teachers who have not joined either organization to date. At present, teachers have the legal right not to join or support the organization that bargains for them at the local level. This legal right not to join, or not to pay a "service fee" to the bargaining agent, will erode rapidly after merger; the merged organization will lobby and bargain vigorously for "agency shop" clauses. Such clauses authorize bargaining organizations to charge a service fee from every employee, whether or not he or she belongs to the bargaining organization. Payment of the fee, which may be as high as the organization's dues, becomes a condition of employment, even for tenured teachers. Thus, in Michigan the courts have recently upheld the mandatory dismissal of a tenured teacher for refusal to pay the service fees negotiated by the bargaining agent. Hawaii and Wisconsin have also enacted legislation legalizing the agency shop, and a number of other states are on the verge of doing so. Paradoxically, the NEA, which adamantly opposed "compulsory unionism" ten years ago, currently advocates federal legislation that would not only legalize the agency shop nationally but render it unnecessary for the teacher organizations to bargain for it. The AFT also supports federal legislation legalizing the agency shop but proposes that the matter be left to negotiations, as in the private sector.

Clearly, some of the key factors affecting membership are subject to change. Nonetheless, a merged organization would probably have a membership of close to 2 million when launched, move to 2.5 million in three to five years, and reach 3.5 million by 1980 (see box, page 56).

The resources available to such an organization would be staggering indeed. Assuming local, state, and national dues averaged $100 annually per member, the total organizational kitty from dues alone would be $200 million a year at the beginning. This is a conservative figure; annual dues are already higher than $100 in some school districts. In fact, some knowledgeable estimates indicate that teachers already pay $250 million annually in dues. Assuming reasonable growth in membership and dues increases, teachers and allied educational workers might be paying $500 million a year in dues by 1980.

Another way to assess the growing strength of teacher organizations is to look at the enormous increase in their professional staff—the organizers, bargainers, contract administrators, legislative representatives, research and editorial personnel, and so on. In 1960 there were probably fewer than 1,000. Today there are 2,500. Within a few years, merger or no merger, the number will jump to 5,000 or even 7,500. If the teacher organizations negotiate extensive health and welfare plans involving joint administration by

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Like atomic energy, teacher power can be used for many purposes.

school board and organization representatives, as is already happening, the number of organization personnel could be much greater. In 1961 the UFT in New York City employed one organizer (David Selden, now the president of the AFT) and two secretaries. Today the UFT employs 102 administrative and professional staff and 63 secretarial-clerical employees; another 50 are employed by the welfare fund administered by the UFT pursuant to its collective-bargaining agreement with the New York City Board of Education.

Despite these awesome organizational possibilities, widespread teacher support for merger is just beginning to emerge. Until the past few years, two crucial issues stood in the way of merger. The AFT is affiliated with the AFL-CIO; the NEA is opposed to such affiliation. The other issue is that the NEA permits unrestricted administrator membership, whereas the AFT excludes most administrative personnel.

Today organizational differences over administrator membership have largely disappeared. As state after state enacted collective-bargaining rights for teachers, NEA local affiliates were forced to exclude administrators in order to represent teachers. Even where such exclusion was not mandated by state laws or by rulings of state labor relations agencies, it became an organizing imperative for NEA affiliates competing with AFT locals. As a result, superintendents, assistant superintendents, supervisors, and principals have been leaving, or getting kicked out of, the NEA in droves. Differences still exist, but the issue no longer constitutes a major barrier to merger.

Teacher affiliation with the AFL-CIO is a more difficult problem. Will teachers really be willing to become so strongly connected with the "union" concept? In my opinion, the basis for resolving the issue will be a procedural agreement. The organizations will not resolve the issue so much as they will finesse it. This might be accomplished by agreement to permit state and local autonomy on the issue, if their local units will agree not to withdraw from the merged national organization regardless of its affiliation or nonaffiliation with the AFL-CIO. At the present time the NEA might experience massive defections if it attempted to force affiliation with the AFL-CIO. On the other hand, nothing in the NEA's constitution, or proposed constitution, precludes state or local affiliation with the AFL-CIO. Many teachers opposed to affiliation are likely to support state and local autonomy on this issue.

Actually, association members may be more receptive to affiliation than is generally recognized by association leaders. As proposed, the New York merger would include affiliation with the AFL-CIO. It may be that teacher opposition to affiliation can be greatly reduced if association leadership wishes to move in this direction. In the New York merger negotiations, UTNY emphasized the practical advantages of merger in these terms: "Nationally, the cost of affiliation with the AFL-CIO would be ten cents a month per teacher —only $1,360,000 for the 1.3 million NEA members not now affiliated. Since the merged organization would have an AFL-CIO charter, there would be no competing organization. This means the teachers would be the largest single union in the AFL-CIO. At the very least, they would be able to exercise a veto power over AFL-CIO policies on education; with any kind of leadership they would be able to get the support of the entire labor movement for their education policies. Where and how else could teachers buy as big a piece of the action for so little?"

Complex as it is, affiliation with the AFL-CIO is not the most troublesome problem in the merger. Nor are the problems of who gets what job, or what attorneys, insurance companies, accountants, and other purveyors of organizational supplies and services shall retain their status in the merged organization. The gut issue in merger is how to ensure that teacher organizations and their leaders are accountable to their members. No other issue affects so many jobs or endangers so much established policy.

Basically, the organizations differ in the way they choose their policy-making leaders, the authority of such leaders over organization staff, and the accountability of elected leaders to the rank and file. Since 1969, however, the NEA has been undergoing a major internal debate over its governance structure. As a result, the association is likely to adopt a new constitution according much greater authority to elected officers, increasing their terms of office from one to two years, rendering them eligible for re-election for two additional terms, and mandating several other changes that will reduce the differences in governance between NEA and AFT and increase the chances for merger.

As a matter of fact, NEA's governance structure will certainly be affected by the New York merger. The

Donald Baer, leader of the first major merger between AFT and NEA local affiliates—the United Teachers of Los Angeles. He says the argument for merger boils down to one point. "It's dumb not to. Any argument against merger is based purely on vested interests of individual leaders. Teachers have not progressed because the radical minority [AFT] has held itself outside the mainstream and said, 'We're different, and we're right.' The larger group never had any opportunity for changing itself because it was in constant conflict with the minority for membership and survival. . . .

"The structural differences between the NEA and the AFT leadership will be a major problem. The AFT is organized for external leadership—figurehead types dealing with public posture and politicians. The NEA has traditionally geared itself toward internal leadership of the organization. That's a problem.

"We also have to deal with the money changers in our business—the insurance companies and credit unions. Membership in the NEA or AFT brings special programs that are supposed to be of benefit to the members—auto-leasing programs, tours of Europe. These money changers are deeply imbedded in the internal power of the organization; the leadership on both sides has residual commitments to them. And whether it's their free trip to Europe or feelings of friendship, the leaders' commitments to merger are often clouded by the question of whose insurance company you are going to use after the merger. There are leaders in the organization who are millionaires today because they sold insurance instead of helping teachers. . . . In New York you have Shanker and Hobart. But when you've got people who are not of that caliber it really hangs you up."

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step will bring NEA under the Landrum-Griffin Act, the basic federal legislation that protects the rights of union members in their relationships with the union. Essentially, the Landrum-Griffin Act ensures union members free speech; due process in regard to disciplinary actions, such as expulsion from the union; the right to sue the union, and certain safeguards concerning dues increases or assessments.

The Landrum-Griffin act applies only to employees in the private sector; to avoid coverage, NEA has deliberately refrained from organizing nonpublic institutions at any level of education. On the other hand, the AFT has locals in Catholic and other nonpublic schools, and in some nonpublic institutions of higher education.

A crucial thrust of Landrum-Griffin is its emphasis upon secret-ballot elections of officers by members or by delegates elected by secret ballot. Since executive secretaries are typically regarded as officers, coverage under Landrum-Griffin will force them either to give up their officer status or submit to the electoral process.

At this moment, teacher organizations are like atomic energy—an enormous source of power that can be used in different ways for different goals. Clearly, a merged teacher organization *could* play an important national role on issues such as equal educational opportunity, comprehensive tax reform, and environmental enhancement. Whether it *will* do so is largely a question of leadership. Still, a number of conclusions about the future impact of such an organization can be drawn.

In the first place, it is essential to recognize the conservative thrust of a merger. Each organization occupies a piece of turf from which it cannot be dislodged, except by actions whose costs and risks are unacceptable to potential challengers. Although some portions of the turf are still up for grabs, most is already occupied. Under these circumstances, merger is more of an insurance policy against loss than a strategy for aggrandizement. So it was in 1955 when the AFL and CIO merged after intensive warfare, and so it will be with teacher organizations.

The probable increases in organizational membership and financial resources will also make teacher organizations more conservative. Most taxpayers and boards of education blanch at the prospect of increases in organizational membership and resources. Such increases are regarded as undesirable additions to the power of teachers to strike and to extort greater concessions from educational employers. This simplistic view overlooks the fact that most teacher activists are already members of NEA or AFT. The teachers who are not members of either organization include a much larger proportion of conservative and nonmilitant individuals. If these teachers are forced to pay agency shop fees to keep their jobs, they are likely to become members. Thus, as the organizations increase their financial capabilities, the ideological objectives that they can pursue become more limited simply because the leadership must respond to a more conservative and more diverse constituency. There will be no massive take-over of education by teacher organizations, even if they merge the membership they have and enlist the unorganized teachers as well.

The most immediate consequences of merger will be in the political and legislative arenas. A few years ago both NEA and AFT could be safely ignored by Congress. Congressmen had nothing to fear from teacher organizations that had no full-time activists at the local level to raise funds, ring doorbells, register voters, watch the polls, and otherwise make their presence known in a political contest. Today, for the first time in their history, both NEA and AFT are preparing to endorse and actively campaign for a presidential candidate. The fact that such action will necessarily be taken outside their formal organizational structures is of relatively little importance. As things stand now, the Democratic candidate is virtually certain to be the beneficiary of this newly found political consciousness, but the precedent is more important than the immediate outcome.

Further down the road, the enhanced political influence of teachers could have an enormous impact upon teacher relations with school boards, parents, and students. One reason: Bargaining power in any field is vitally affected by the legislative and political environment in which it occurs. If teachers achieve increased political influence, they are more likely to achieve a legal right to strike; if they achieve a legal right to strike, their bargaining power is thereby enhanced, and they are more likely to achieve concessions at the bargaining table.

The growing political strength of teachers will increase their bargaining power in another way. Teachers are voters as well as employees. In impasse situations, politicians responsible for the settlements at the bargaining table will be painfully aware of this fact. The

Ken Miesen, head of the Minnesota Federation of Teachers, is running for the presidency of AFT against incumbent Dave Selden on a no-merger platform. "There's always been disagreement between the NEA and AFT on who the enemies of public education are and how we should fight them. Merger won't change that. In fact, the very thing that made the NEA and the AFT viable alternatives for teachers was that competition kept them keen. Where you don't have that competition, everyone sits back on his duff. The only issues that get smoked out are those that our benevolent fathers, the heads of the merged organization, select.

"The same thing happened when the AFL and CIO merged. The leaders got fatter, and the social issues got sat upon. If I were black, I'd say the NEA leaders have no soul. They've been top-dominated for years. There's never been anything like voting in terms of collective bargaining contracts. The bargaining team goes in with the authority and says here's what you're going to get: Take it or leave it. Their philosophy has always been: Pay your dues; our pros will take care of it. We would never think of anything like that, of course. If you want to build any political clout in the community or school district, you get the last guy on the chain damned interested. So when you pull the strings, you've got everybody behind you.

"Sure, you could say that Congress might respond better to one unified organization. But what happens when Congress deals with only one person and you have no control over that person? You could just as easily say that all Americans have the same problems—Vietnam, pollution, urban blight. Why don't the Democrats and Republicans just get together, stop all that silly fighting and those expensive elections? Individuals choose their alliances based on their beliefs. I'm surprised there are only two teacher organizations. I'm surprised there aren't more."

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Potential Muscle of the Merged Organization	
2,100,000	regular classroom teachers
750,000	faculty in higher education, public and private
300,000	paraprofessionals in public schools
224,000	nonpublic elementary and secondary teachers
150,000	miscellaneous (U.S. Office of Education, state departments of education, nonprofit educational organizations, etc.)
3,524,000	total

temptation grows to achieve settlements by concessions involving enormous expenditures—but after the political leaders involved have moved on to higher office. In some instances the temptation has already proved irresistible. A corporation executive would not deliberately bargain away his company on the deferred installment plan, but political leaders often negotiate agreements that have that effect on governmental finance. They minimize immediate tax increases but dump enormous deferred costs upon the negotiators' successors. Unless public management comes to grips with this problem soon, the growing power of teachers and other public employees may render it absolutely intractable.

At the local level, merger will speed up a phase-out of school boards. Most local boards will be unable to bargain effectively with teacher organizations able to draw upon the resources available to a merged organization. Furthermore, teacher organizations are beginning to coordinate their legislative and bargaining strategies with other public employee unions. Public management will have to develop a coordinated response in which all public services are administered through an executive with across-the-board responsibility for public employment relations at a given level of public service. Merger will also accelerate regional and/or statewide bargaining, another trend that means fewer local boards of education or none at all. Put in different terms, as the rules concerning school operations are made at higher levels of government, local autonomy in this area will diminish.

Will teacher activism lead to widespread political indoctrination in the classroom? Although this fear is often expressed, it is cited more to rationalize teacher quietism than to raise meaningful objections to teacher activism. Competent management should be able to handle the problem if it arises. Given the grade levels and subjects taught by most teachers, efforts at political indoctrination would be obvious, to say the least. Political differences between teachers would serve as an additional safeguard.

As teacher organizations become more politicized, the major problem will not be classroom indoctrination. It will be teacher out-of-class relationships to a pupil population of voting or near-voting age. At the secondary level, teacher political activists will be in a strategic position to identify and help co-opt student leadership. Although teacher political influence on secondary youth tends to be exaggerated, the past may not be a reliable guide, since it involves politically quiescent teacher organizations and a student population several years away from meaningful participation in politics. It is easy to visualize teachers working closely with local party chairmen to identify and recruit student leadership, articulate student concerns, and otherwise use what they have learned in school for political purposes.

What about the growing fear that teacher organizations will block needed innovations or experimentation? Here, we have to recognize that the introduction of innovations is primarily a management responsibility, and that meaningful innovations in education are few and far between. There just aren't that many good ideas waiting around to be utilized over the heavy-handed objections of teacher organizations. The existence of strong unions in other industries, such as steel and automobiles, has not seriously impeded the introduction of significant innovations designed to improve productivity. There is no reason why it should in education, especially if the public realizes that the absence of increased productivity in education results from incompetent management, not from teacher organizations whose power tends to be exaggerated. Merger, like teacher unionization generally, will speed up meaningful changes in education, not because teacher organizations necessarily favor this, but because the pressures they generate will force school management to search much harder for ways to increase educational productivity.

Another likely outcome of merger will be federal legislation regulating state and local public employment. At the present time, state and local public employees are not covered by the federal labor laws that provide collective bargaining rights to private sector employees. Only about thirty states have enacted some type of bargaining rights for their public employees, and much of this legislation is not particularly helpful. A merged teacher organization, working with other public employee unions and the AFL-CIO, would be extremely influential in the effort to enact bargaining rights for state and local public employees. Both NEA and AFT currently favor such legislation, but in a different way and with somewhat different outcomes. Merger would eliminate NEA-AFT differences that congressmen cite to justify their inaction and would provide enormous impetus to the drive for a federal labor-relations law regulating state and local public employment.

In my view, some of the most important and most unpredictable consequences of an NEA-AFT merger will be the legislative anticipations of it. Already, some legislators feel that action must be taken immediately, not to head off merger, but to abolish tenure or enact other measures opposed by teachers before the political power of a merged organization makes such action all but impossible. Others, regardless of their educational views, see merger as a virtual *fait accompli* and are busy building a record of support for what teacher organizations want. One might say that the NEA-AFT merger is having significant consequences even before it takes place. □

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Paul Scott: Unsung Singer of Hindustan

BY NANCY WILSON ROSS

THE JEWEL IN THE CROWN
by Paul Scott
Morrow, 462 pp., $5.95

THE DAY OF THE SCORPION
by Paul Scott
Morrow, 484 pp., $6.95

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE
by Paul Scott
Morrow, 392 pp., $8.95

With the publication of *The Towers of Silence* the British author Paul Scott has completed three of a projected four novels set in India in the 1940s, when after several centuries British influence was coming to a precipitated end, leaving the Indians alone with their ancient, complex, still unresolved pursuit of unity and nationhood. For dramatic paradox and the clash of destinies on a personal and world scale, this particular period can hardly be equaled in contemporary history, because it encompassed World War II, the Japanese invasion of Burma and threat to India, the rise of Gandhi and the young Nehru, the imprisonment of prominent Indians for rebellion against the British raj or for traitorous dealings with the Japanese enemy, the beginning of British withdrawal from the Subcontinent, and the imminent tragic Partition. The web of events in modern India is, in fact, not only so intricately interwoven but so extended in scope that one can but marvel at the controlled manner in which Mr. Scott handles the shifting focus of his wide-angle lens in the present novel as well as in the two preceding ones: *The Jewel in the Crown* and *The Day of the Scorpion*. Anyone who reads these first three will await with the keenest anticipation the fourth and final book in the series, *A Division of the Spoils*.

It seems strange in view of his engrossing material and his obvious gifts as an acute observer and a superb storyteller that Paul Scott, although the recipient of generous critical acclaim, has never made "the literary bandwagon," as David Pryce-Jones remarked recently in the London *Times*. Could this be, as Pryce-Jones wryly suggested, because Scott "deserves better," or does the explanation lie with today's readers who, accustomed to the hop-skip-and-jump of television storytelling or to the rough shorthand notes that pass for modern novels, lack the attention span required for the enjoyment of a type of fiction in which expository passages are a necessary part of the story's fullest development? The answer cannot lie, surely, in the fact that the Asian country Scott has chosen for his novels' settings is distant and unfamiliar, for today we are coming to realize more and more keenly that India's problems are also ours and, for that matter, the world's. Gone forever, one hopes, is that easy smugness with which America once viewed the disastrous mistakes made by European nations in their overseas interference and exploitation—a smug superiority that E. M. Forster considered a contributory factor in the American success of his novel *A Passage to India*, which had aroused such acrimonious controversy in his homeland. Forster's Indian novel is now, of course, universally considered a classic. Paul Scott, however, still awaits "discovery" in spite of the fact that he is so often and favorably compared with Forster, in whose long literary shadow he has had to live and work.

The comparison of these two authors has a certain validity and not merely because an alert reader can catch occasional echoes of Forster in the younger man's work. Both novelists are alike in their use of public events as a means to probe private consciousness. Both maintain a dispassionate posture toward their material. Of the two, Scott is actually the more objective, for he takes no sides between Indians and English, Hindus and Muslims, conservatives and liberals, whereas Forster at the very outset of his Indian novel's action, as Lionel Trilling has pointed out in his illuminating study of this master of English prose, established a pattern for our emotions and forced us to hold to it. Scott, by contrast, stands in the midst of his far vaster cast of characters, offering for every event of any significance a whole spectrum of differing and often violently opposed points of view, both British and Indian. It is not that his books lack moral judgment but rather that such judgments are left entirely to the reader, who can make his final appraisal only after Scott has shown all the conflicting forces, visible and invisible, that have molded a character involved in any given event. Moreover, although Scott sometimes uses comedy, he never descends to derision or caricature—an omission that perhaps seriously hinders his popularity, since poking fun at British *pukka sahibs* has been fair game for satirists since the eighteenth century.

In my view, it would be much nearer the mark to compare Scott with another gifted, also singularly neglected British author, L. H. Myers. In Myers's four illuminating, interrelated novels about India that appeared in the 1930s —*The Near and the Far*, *Prince Jali*, *The Root and the Flower*, and *The Pool of Vishnu*—the author, like Scott today, places his recurrent cast of characters in a prescribed historical framework. Myers imaginatively re-created the period of Akbar the Great, toward the end of the sixteenth century, when India (not unlike England under

Nancy Wilson Ross's most recent book is *Three Ways of Asian Wisdom*.

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Akbar's contemporary the first Queen Elizabeth) was in the midst of tumult and intrigue, dangerously warring faiths, passionate loyalties, and equally passionate treacheries. Akbar, a great civic administrator as well as a visionary, had a dream of uniting all the impinging and often battling cultural segments of his vast kingdom into one single, tolerant brotherhood of faiths and peoples. At Akbar's death in 1605, his dream was far from realized, and already in the fabled land of gems, spices, elephants, and peacocks there had appeared the shadow of a fateful future confrontation.

On the last day of the year 1600, in faraway England, Queen Elizabeth granted charter t· the "Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading in the East Indies." This was the precursor of the powerful British East India Company, destined to rule India for decades until the Great Mutiny of 1857 led another English Queen to take away the company's immense powers and place with the Crown the guardianship of this geographic gold mine. The subtle lines of connection, during centuries of intricate interplay, between greed and generosity, open good will and hidden hostility, revealed equally by Indians and British on all levels of life, form the implicit backdrop for Scott's novels. Yet it would be incorrect to assess them as historical novels, in the usual meaning of that term, just as it would be to categorize L. H. Myers's books as fictionalized history. In both cases the author's deepest concern is with individual destinies caught in the collective destiny of a given period of violent upheaval.

The first novel in Scott's series, *The Jewel in the Crown*, takes its title from a semihistorical, semiallegorical Victorian lithograph that has, for years, hung above the desk of an elderly, highly respected British missionary teacher, Edwina Crane. This lithograph offers Paul Scott a useful symbol with which to indicate, without disproportionate stress, a shift in the social climate. It shows the dumpy little English sovereign surrounded by representative figures from her newest imperial acquisition. Here they all are: maharajas, landowners, merchants, farmers, soldiers, servants, holy men, children, their mothers, and even "some remarkably clean and tidy beggars." A native prince is seen offering the Queen tribute of a magnificent jewel on a silken cushion, a pantomime that has afforded Edwina Crane innumerable opportunities to explain to her dark-skinned charges that this gleaming gem is not the "jewel in the crown" of the title; the jewel is, rather, India itself, as the attendant figure of Benjamin Disraeli, the Queen's First Minister, indicates by holding up to view, "with obvious pride but tactful humility," a colored map of the Subcontinent.

Could it really have been only about seventy years before the events of Scott's novels that such a lithograph was not only proudly made but freely distributed in all innocence of the implications it expressed and their inevitably fatal consequences? Certainly, the chaos of India in the 1940s would have been inconceivable to Queen Victoria. It was, as a matter of fact, almost inconceivable to Edwina Crane living in the midst of it. Once, some years before the climactic 1940s, she had stood at the very door of her schoolroom and firmly refused entrance to an unruly Indian mob, relying solely on the authority of her sacrosanct status as a white *mem-sahib*. By succeeding in turning back the mob, she had become, to her embarrassment, something of a heroine not only to her pupils but to her peers as well. In 1942, in spite of many auguries and warnings, nothing had prepared her for the hoodlums who again descended on her at the time of one of the several imprisonments for "sedition" of Gandhi, the man of "peace." On this occasion they attacked her, and, although they did not kill her, they brutally murdered the young Indian who had attempted to protect her. Following a severe illness and months of re-examination of her missionary myopia, Miss Crane quietly committed suicide, choosing to do so by fire as Hindu women were once accustomed to do on the death of their husbands, and as Buddhist monks of Southeast Asia were to do later on as their protest against a senseless war.

Paul Scott—"for every event of any significance, a whole spectrum of differing points of view."

Miss Crane's ordeal and death are symbolic and significant, but they are not the main story in *The Jewel in the Crown*. The central plot concerns itself with a love affair between a well-born English girl, Daphne Manners, and a young Indian, Hari Kumar, whose father had taken him to England to be educated at one of the most prestigious British public schools. In England Hari found himself accepted on his own merits, but on returning to India, penniless, after his father's death, he finds social barriers coming up on all sides, not only among the English but among his own countrymen and even within his father's family. He does not "belong" anywhere. Daphne, too, is a misfit because she stands apart from sahib orthodoxy. Their love is doomed from the outset, long before they are attacked in a deserted Mogul garden and effectively punished for breaking the taboo against intimate relationships between the two races. The manner in which Scott makes use of a single episode to stress the personal elements that help create the seeming abstraction we call "history" is perfectly set forth in his own words on page 1 of *The Jewel in the Crown*:

> This is the story of a rape, of the events that led up to it and followed it and of the place in which it happened. There are the action, the people and the place; all of which are interrelated but in their totality incommunicable in isolation from the moral continuum of human affairs.
>
> In the Bibighar gardens case there were several arrests and an investigation. There was no trial in the judicial sense. Since then people have said there was a trial of sorts going on. In fact, such people say the affair that began on the evening of August 9, 1942, in Mayapore, ended with the spectacle of two nations in violent opposition, not for the first time nor as yet for the last, because they were then still locked in an imperial embrace of such long standing and subtlety it was no longer possible for them to know whether they hated or loved one another, or what it was that held them together and seemed to have confused the image of their separate destinies.

This is the position from which Scott sets forth, with unmodish amplitude and in multiple perspective, his engrossing story of the recent history of Hindus, Muslims, and British caught individually and collectively in a fatefully contiguous web of historic circumstances. The action of these three novels moves in a variety of ways and is projected through a variety of voices. Sometimes the characters speak for themselves; sometimes their mysteries are unraveled by way of letters, diaries,

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secret testimony; sometimes clues are presented through the accounts of an anonymous visiting British writer who is earnestly trying to unravel and reweave the threads of recent events and their conflicting interpretations. It is not possible to do more than mention in passing some of the many singular characters who contribute to Scott's vast *mise en scène*: Lady Chatterjee, a

Jacket art from "The Day of the Scorpion"

Rajput princess and the widow of a British-knighted industrialist; ex-Chief Minister Muhammed Ali Kasim, with whose house arrest *The Day of the Scorpion* begins; the nawab of Mirat, who has as his vizier a one-eyed, homosexual White Russian émigré colonel. Among the British are Sarah Layton, who, like Daphne Manners, is also struggling in her own way to escape from the restrictions of her inherited sahib caste, while fronting for a hard-drinking mother and, in general, holding the family fort against the return of her adored colonel father absent in Europe, fighting World War II; and Sarah's sister, Susan, the former hill-station belle, whose young officer husband dies (just before the birth of their baby) in a Burmese jungle because he will not, cannot, believe that any Indian soldier would betray to the Japanese an officer of his own distinguished British regiment. There is also Sister Ludmila, a European of unknown antecedents who, although not a nun, dresses like one when she goes forth with a hired stretcher-bearer to bring home to her "Sanctuary" all the hopelessly dying she can pick up any night on the streets of the same community where the segregated British still live, in the midst of their dissolving Kiplingesque dream.

Just as the first of these three novels begins with a missionary teacher, Edwina Crane, so the third and penultimate volume gives space and importance to Barbara Batchelor, a commonplace, garrulous, retired Protestant mission-school superintendent, who has been chosen as a companion by Mabel Layton, the elderly, reclusive, deaf, rose-growing *doyenne* of the British colony in the hill station of Pankot. Perhaps it is Barbara who says the final word in her surreal, dotty way. Talking to Mabel's roses after Mabel's sudden death, she says to them: "You are now native roses. Of the country. The garden is a native garden. We are only visitors. That has been our mistake. That is why God has not followed us here."

There are certain flaws of technique and presentation in these massive novels, perhaps unavoidable in works of such dimension. Scott can be guilty of verbosity and, sometimes, of stretching credulity to the breaking point; occasionally, too, the sheer weight of his material and his anxiety to present it in all its dense totality create sluggish, even cumbersome, prose. Nevertheless, although the movement of these novels may vary in speed and volume, it is always sustained; and Scott's small failures as an artist dwindle to insignificance when laid against the powerful sweep of his unsentimentalized, dramatic, yet painstakingly objective record of individual and collective destinies in a period of cyclic decline and fall.

MY MICHAEL

by Amos Oz
translated from the Hebrew
by Nicholas de Lange and Amos Oz
Knopf, 287 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Milton Rugoff

My Michael is the journal, covering roughly the decade of the 1950s, of Hannah Gonen, a young, married Israeli whose outward life is, to her, unbearably humdrum and bourgeois but whose inner life is shot through with forbidden desires that at times recall the dark cravings of D. H. Lawrence's women. A student of literature, with a predilection for romantic novels, Hannah tells us how she met Michael, a geologist. Michael is stable, ambitious, honest—a good Jewish boy—and so she marries him. But he is also unimaginative, humorless, rigidly methodical. Their little flat is gloomy (even the potted plants die), Jerusalem—heresy of heresies—is oppressive, and the older men among their neighbors are resigned. Hannah is turned off by her Michael—the title is surely ironical—precisely because he is a devoted husband, dutiful son, and, after their child is born, responsible father.

Hannah retreats into dreams. Her split personality is reflected in the writing: when she is describing her daily life, the prose is flat and mechanical; when she is fantasying, it is lyrical and sensuous. She dreams of the twin Arab boys with whom she played as a little girl and with whom she imagined herself engaged in exotic and violent adventures. After ten years of marriage she is more intensely preoccupied with them than ever. In desperation she tries erotic experiments with Michael, but even when he responds, she feels—such is her alienation—that she is simply deceiving him with his own body.

Michael, however, is not an oaf, and Hannah's alienation from him appears perverse, particularly when she works herself into a fit of self-destructive violence. We are as repelled as she is when he teaches their son to say, "I have finished," after he has spoken, but she is so detached that the episode loses all significance. Unengaged as wife and mother, she does not in the end even inhabit herself.

In Israel in the 1950s—puritanical, sober, zealous, beset—romantic passion was, for the time at least, an extravagance, an aberration to be concealed. Hannah is the opposite of all we have heard about young Israelis: uncommitted to any of the nation's causes. Although her dreams are tame by the standards of American fiction, and sometimes rather adolescent, her craving for violence, for sexual relations with passionate Arab youths, has evidently scandalized and fascinated Israeli readers. The book has been a best seller in Israel for several years.

An earlier novel and several novellas have earned Amos Oz, a thirty-two-year-old native Israeli, a reputation for visions of orgiastic violence. The lusts that move marauding Crusaders in a novella published in *Commentary* last year border on the demonic. Next to the primitive force of that story, Hannah Gonen's condition is only another instance of the neurotic discontent with which our age is strewn.

Milton Rugoff is editor of Chanticleer Press. His latest book is *Prudery and Passion: Sexuality in Victorian America.*

THE QUIET END OF EVENING

by Honor Tracy
Random House, 241 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by J. D. O'Hara

Much satiric humor, despite its assertion of high moral purpose, seeks merely to gratify the author's and his audience's sense of superiority. Consider the intellectual gradations of the characters in the stock satiric novel: on the bottom, the boobs; next, deal-

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ing with and seeing through them, but slightly foolish nonetheless, the central figures; finally, hovering over all and asserting supreme mental and moral authority, the narrating author. The reading audience indulges a complex pleasure. It is shown obvious numskulls and shares the author's amused contempt for them. It is also made to feel superior even to those characters who are superior to the saps. In sum, the audience identifies with the author's narrative voice, which consistently proclaims its own perceptivity and rectitude.

In *The Quiet End of Evening* the boobs are Irish islanders—greedy, sluggish, and malevolently stupid. Above them are the half-wits: the vaguely well-off Thomas Boxham, who owns an Irish estate and dislikes the Irish; his sister Sabina, who worships them; and Harry Buckle, who is English, wealthy, handsome, tediously competent, an admirer of Ireland, and obviously Sabina's future husband. The Boxham estate is staffed by dishonest idiots; it is not only filthy but collapsing. Buckle's desire to live there, like Sabina's Irish-idolatry, is obviously fatuous. But Boxham's desire to live in England is shown to be equally silly, since London is crowded, dirty, busy, and full of foreigners.

The islanders are in a bad way when the novel begins and in a hopelessly bad way when it ends. Serves them right. The Boxhams begin by quarreling over the estate and end with no estate to quarrel over. Serves them right. Buckle begins enchanted with Ireland and ends disenchanted. Serves him right. Miss Tracy washes her hands of the lot.

Who, for such clods, would bother to provide a plot, consistent characterization, clarity of description, and interesting, dramatically developed scenes? No sensible person. Miss Tracy, by her own repeated testimony, is a sensible person.

Let's reread *Cold Comfort Farm* this summer, and P. G. Wodehouse.

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GEHLEN: Spy of the Century
by E. H. Cookridge
Random House, 402 pp., $10

THE GENERAL WAS A SPY:
The Truth About General Gehlen and His Spy Ring
by Heinz Höhne and Hermann Zolling
translated from the German
by Richard Barry
Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 347 pp., $10

THE SERVICE:
The Memoirs of General Reinhard Gehlen
translated from the German
by David Irving
World, 386 pp., $10

GEHLEN: Master Spy of the Century
by Charles Whiting
Ballantine, 274 pp., $1.25

Reviewed by Robert G. Deindorfer

In the perilous Cold War times of eighteen to twenty years ago, few persons privy to the ways of international circles—least of them Reinhard Gehlen himself—could have foreseen the twilight that was to fall over his later career. Gehlen's triumphs in the late 1940s and early 1950s, particularly his artful lifting of vital Soviet secrets, put him at the top of his profession. A slight, vain, driven man, methodical and single-minded, Gehlen was the remarkably reliable and productive leader of an espionage structure he hired out first to the United States and then to his own West German government. That was a world more clearly divided than now between friend and foe, and Gehlen seemed to some an epic figure, concealed behind the high, heavily patrolled walls of his headquarters at Pullach, a few miles from Munich. However, when the Cold War began to thaw, when his network was breached by the Communists, when new technology replaced people, Gehlen was brought down from his undercover heights.

Son of a solid, middle-class Prussian family, Gehlen, like his father, went into the German army and slowly climbed up through the chain of command. If he was an unimpressive-looking little man, with thin lips, jugged ears, and a pale, cardboard complexion, he was also willing to work sixteen painstaking hours a day to fill in the daydream his vanity kept spinning. Gehlen, who was a general staff officer

Robert G. Deindorfer has written three books on the subject of intelligence, the most recent of which is *Secret Service—Thirty-three Centuries of Espionage.*

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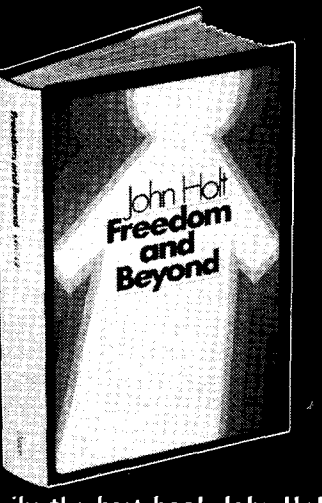

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A NOTE TO THE READERS

Norman Cousins, our former associate, has announced his decision to launch a new magazine to be called *World*. Undoubtedly, a number of *SR* readers will also want to keep up with Mr. Cousins's new publishing venture. An announcement appears in this issue. We at *SR* offer Mr. Cousins and his associates our good wishes and congratulations.

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during the Second World War, was named head of *Fremde Heere Ost* (Foreign Armies East), the German staff's intelligence unit on the Eastern Front. With a card file for a mind and a passion for detail, he soon formed a successful network of agents on both sides of the battle lines. His evaluations of Soviet strength were so accurate that they finally did him in. Toward the end of the war, as the Russian armies rolled westward, Hitler angrily relieved Gehlen of his command, not because his intelligence forecasts weren't accurate—they were—but because mournful estimates of overpowering Russian strength were too hard for the tormented, ever-optimistic Hitler to bear.

In the circumstances this created, Gehlen demonstrated a flair for the self-serving long view. Germany was doomed, no doubt of it. Beyond the defeat, though, he saw an increasing tension between the U.S.S.R. and its Western allies once the postwar housekeeping in Europe commenced. He advised his better agents in the denied area to stay where they were, packed up forty crates of microfilm intelligence on the Soviet Union, and scuttled into Bavaria to bury the treasure and await the advancing Americans, who seemed as the most promising market.

For a while, after Gehlen had given himself up, he was submerged in the great wash of prisoners of war. When his unique background came to the attention of U.S. military intelligence officers, however, he was flown to Washington. In a matter of months he made an agreement to pull together an American-funded, German-manned intelligence service, with the help of his voluminous files, his dormant agents and networks, and an intimate knowledge of the Russians.

Gehlen and his people got on to the job immediately, with an annual budget variously reported to be from $6 million to $20 million. With the collaboration of German soldiers still prisoners in the Soviet Union and a host of refugees streaming into Western Europe, not to mention some former *Abwehr* and SS officers, Gehlen built an enormous service just as the breach between the Soviet Union and the United States began to widen.

"The Org," as the Gehlen organization was known, developed right out of the craft books: agents, subagents and cutouts, dead drops, codes, and safe houses—the whole sealed off with a watertight compartmentalization for the obvious reason of security. All over Europe Gehlen agents masqueraded as businessmen, tax advisers, and employment agents, while the director himself, who kept a suitcase fully packed in his Pullach office just in case, posed as Dr. Schneider, general manager of "Süddeutsche Industries Company." He also had emergency identity papers, as Dr. Garner and as Dr. Gross.

Like a number of other important services, The Org observed the customary split-level morality inherent in so essentially deceptive a calling. For example, while agents worked directly with the Egyptians, whose service they helped to modernize and improve, Gehlen people also knowingly helped train an Israeli agent for transport straight into Cairo, where he claimed to be a former Wehrmacht officer but now a gentleman horse fancier. If the Gehlen organization had a flaw, it was its lack of truly creative gifts. "Gehlen did a remarkable job of re-creating an organization at the end of the war, but we never credited him with any major innovations," a former CIA officer of especially lofty rank told me not long ago. "It was all rather straightforward, rather conventional."

Still, the thorough, comprehensive structure did a remarkable job of calling the shots on the other side of the Iron Curtain down through the years of the Cold War. In addition to having agents already in place with the various Communist bureaucracies, Gehlen infiltrated other men—many of them escapees recruited in the sprawling refugee camps of Austria and Germany—for a flat price of $100 a day, plus a fluctuating bonus afterwards if they managed to get back out safely. Among the notable successes were the penetration of East Germany's government and early warnings on Soviet jet and missile development; on uprisings in East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary; on important political vibrations in Moscow; on Soviet troop strength, and even on the hostility between Russia and China. According to people who ought to know, The Org supplied upwards of 70 per cent of the intelligence data from the Soviet orbit for the United States, NATO, and SHAPE. Under the circumstances an East German newspaper was moved to offer an improbable tribute in the summer of 1953: "The Gehlen Organization has hitherto scored certain successes in the recruitment of agents in the German Democratic Republic."

In 1956 the apparatus, except for some ex-SS and ex-Nazi personnel who were phased out for political reasons, became the *Bundesnachrichtendienst*

Gen. Reinhard Gehlen (left) inspecting Russian auxiliaries during the Second World War—"too many old sausages."

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14 reasons why you should read INTELLECTUAL DIGEST

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2. **The discovery by a geologist that the South Pole was once in the Sahara Desert.** (Natural History)
3. **An English scholar disposes of the "real" Christ and says that the Church created Him and "has invented ever new Christs for every new age."** (Spectator)
4. **A first-hand report from Joseph Heller on the long-awaited successor to *Catch-22*, in ID's unique feature "Work In Progress."**
5. **A lawyer-penologist talks about what will have to replace our disastrous prison system.** (After Conviction: A New Review of the American Correction System)
6. **Robert Craft's moving journal of the death of his friend and master, Igor Stravinsky.** (N.Y. Review of Books)
7. **Why is Frantz Fanon, a black prophet who died 10 years ago, a key to the Black Power movement in the U.S.?** (Saturday Review)
8. **Where in the whole world can you find the best example of the theory and practice of No-Work?** (Hudson Review)
9. **Gore Vidal attacks the fallacy of the male imperative and asks why the male ego can't accept the female challenge to its dominance.** (N.Y. Review of Books)
10. **In "The Souring of George Sauer" the ex-N.Y. Jets star offers some unexpected thoughts on aggression and authoritarianism in football.** (Institute for the Study of Sport and Society)
11. **A California psychologist bucks the tide and speaks up for the benefits of poor communication.** (Psychoanalytic Review)
12. **How to tackle a disease with all the weapons of science, and find that success may bring a whole new set of problems.** (Smithsonian)
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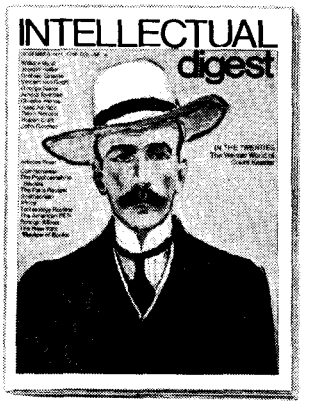

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WIT TWISTER NO. 277

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

We — — — — esteem, as ill-begot,

The — — — — that we breed;

And yet we — — — —, as like as not,

Behind a — — — — of greed.

What — — — — shunned as mortal sin,

This we, the — — — —, continue in!

Peter Hugh DeVries

(Answer on page 72)

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FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1512

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1512 will be found in the next issue.

ARQ HVAVJQ KY EW SWENQJ

XRCA KA VYQP AW IQ.

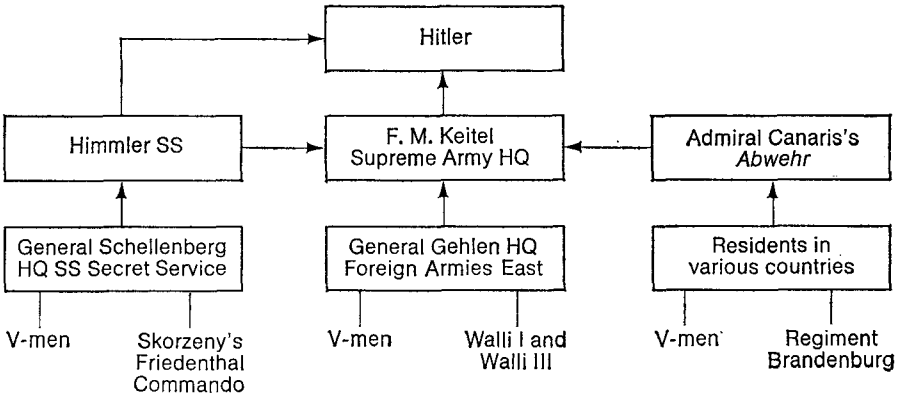
H. RWSSCEPQJ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1511

. . . At the age of four with paper hats and wooden swords we're all generals. Only some of us never grow out of it.

Peter Ustinov

The German Espionage Setup in Russia, 1942-1945



From "Gehlen: Master Spy of the Century"

(BND), the official service of the Federal Republic of Germany, with Gehlen being given the special title of president. What this meant, of course, was that the CIA began receiving carbon copies of reports from Pullach to Bonn instead of the originals, as happened all those years when Bonn was getting the carbons. It wasn't long before a series of erupting events diminished the network's vitality. The BND became involved in a rackety political dispute with the German news magazine *Der Spiegel* and then learned it had been penetrated by three Communist double agents, one of them Heinze Felfe, a ranking officer who had been honored for ten years' service only a few weeks before his arrest. As a result, agents and networks in East Germany and beyond collapsed. Gehlen and his BND took to serving up too many old sausages right out of Soviet publications or off the Soviet radio. Unable to adjust to the new era of warming relations and electronic equipment, the president even began coloring an occasional item in an effort to preserve his importance. One day he suggested that a bit of material be attributed to a sympathetic source on the Communist Central Committee. "But we have no collaborator on the Central Committee," an assistant said.

"Who can prove otherwise?" Gehlen answered.

Just prior to his forced retirement in 1968, the aging chief managed to achieve one last victory. Months before Soviet tanks clattered into Czechoslovakia, he correctly forecast that Moscow was moving toward a brutal showdown with the Dubček regime in Prague.

Of four new books on Gehlen, far and away the most useful is E. H. Cookridge's *Gehlen: Spy of the Century* (although the title itself strikes me as extravagant). A first-rate writer with a solid background in intelligence, Cookridge is on the mark in reviewing Gehlen the general, interpreting his role in the Cold War, and providing the reader detailed reasons for his eventual collapse.

The General Was a Spy: The Truth About General Gehlen and His Spy Ring by Heinz Höhne and Hermann Zolling, while intriguing, is freighted with too much in the way of internal West German politics and damaged by a reluctance even to credit Gehlen with his many impressive victories. This imbalance may have been inevitable, since the authors, who edit *Der Spiegel*, are West Germans and the book originally appeared in West Germany.

For all the prepublication hullabaloo, Gehlen's own book, *The Service: The Memoirs of General Reinhard Gehlen*, is a disappointment; it is peckish and self-serving. By the scoring scales he developed for his own agents, his unsupported suggestion that Martin Bormann crossed over to work with the Russians following the war wouldn't rate more than a "D." The book is short on detail and long on windy sermons about the real nature of Communism. Gehlen's ego frequently shows through criticism of a number of individual targets, including several service rivals and Americans he felt didn't measure up: "I well recall my feelings—a grim humor at the situation as I, a brigadier general who had played a not unimportant part in the war, had to turn myself over to a young American first lieutenant. . . . Here the American personnel were uncharitable, to say the least."

As for Charles Whiting's paperback, apparently *Gehlen: Master Spy of the Century* was stitched together very fast in an effort to cash in on the trend. How else does one account for passages such as this: "Lead began to beat the grass around them like hot summer rain on a tin roof. They had been spotted. Tracers cut the air. Like myriad red, angry bees, the bullets zigzagged through the night."

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INTUITION
by R. Buckminster Fuller
Doubleday, 190 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Emile Capouya

The title poem of this collection is more than 2,000 lines in length; another, "Brain and Mind," is even longer; the volume ends with three short pieces—a poem called "Love" and two meditations on the Lord's Prayer.

Long poems are a rarity in this age. It would appear that to write a sustained work in verse is more difficult now than it was, say, in the nineteenth century—and reasons can be adduced, having to do with the general tone of present-day civilization, to explain why that should be so. But, strictly speaking, it is probably not the case that fewer long poems are written now than formerly. In fact, it is more than likely that just as the absolute number of persons who can read and write is much greater in this century than it was during the last, and a much larger number may be presumed to be writing verse now, there may well be many more long poems being written today than ever before. Nevertheless, most of these do not come to public attention. Either they never see print—the fate, after all, of most literary productions—or else, although published, they are not widely read nor much discussed. And since long poems are so foreign to the taste of the times, only two classes of writers are likely to attempt them. The first are men of exceptional gifts who defy all the auguries, strong in the consciousness of their talent, and are justified by the event; their number is necessarily exceedingly small. The second are men of meager literary powers, bold in proportion to their ignorance.

The author of *Intuition* is not only a most imaginative engineer and industrial designer but one of those men whose lives have an exemplary, not to say prophetic, character. His professional effort has been concentrated on technological innovation and adaptation of a kind that we are coming to associate especially with the idea of modernity—that is, the technology that is especially mindful of elegance of design, simplicity of operation, economy in consumption of resources, relative beneficence in its effect on the general environment, and a healthy decentralization of the productive process—which explains how it is that an engineer, of all things, should have come to be regarded benevolently by persons working to preserve the natural world and to promote a more humane industrial environment.

Now, each of the long poems in Buckminster Fuller's new book is explicitly concerned with the philosophy of that "cleaner" technology that we hope to substitute for the "dark Satanic mills." Despite this advantage the poems fail, and on the most elementary level.

Because of the tidal fluctuations of
syntropy-entropy
Local environments are forever altering
themselves.
Living phenomena, being both entropic
and anti-entropic,
Are, as Professor Waddington points out,
Forever altering the environment
At a faster rate than the non-biologicals,
And the ever-more completely altered
environment
Is, in turn, continually altering all the
creatures.
Waddington identified this external
modification
Of living morphology as epigenetics—
In contradistinction to the corporeal
morphology
Of all living organisms' integral growth
Whose angle and frequently designing
Is governed by the internal DNA-RNA
genetic codes.

What any poem, properly so called, must reveal at once, in all its parts, is a grave joy generated by the words, their sounds, their meanings, the order of those elements, their relations. It is hard to produce a specimen of human speech that does not share to a greater or lesser extent this poetic character—ordinary conversation, spontaneous and unrehearsed, is attentive at the same time to meaning, rhythm, sound, and pitch. This typical passage from "Brain and Mind" is a kind of prodigy; it lacks even the grace of the most casual utterance.

There is an earnestness in Buckminster Fuller's attitude to life that is direct and manly and that inclines a critic to relent from too exclusive a concern with the aims of the poetic craft. Mr. Fuller says: "Before going to sleep, even for short naps, I always re-explore and rethink my way through the Lord's Prayer. And as I thought it through tonight, August thirteenth, 1966, I decided to inscribe it on paper." Then follows the poem, beginning:

Oh god, our father—
our furtherer
our evolutionary integrity unfolder
who art in heaven—
who art in he-even
who is in everyone
hallowed (halo-ed)
be thy name
(be thine identity)
halo-ed. . . .

This is an unwitting travesty on an original that has the greatest economy, simplicity, and point.

One sees evidence throughout this book that Buckminster Fuller is indeed exquisitely sensitive to certain forms of beauty—the poem "Intuition" is a kind of hymn composed for the launching of a sailing vessel. But framing seemly, shapely speech is not among his gifts. That is a misfortune. There is no instrument save language for giving expression to his doctrine, and dressed in the language that he has devised for the purpose that doctrine seems childish and embarrassing. Mr. Fuller is plainly a man who must be judged by his actions, for his intuition fails him when he sets out to speak to his fellow men.

Emile Capouya teaches English at Baruch College, the City University of New York.

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MYTH AND MODERN MAN
by Raphael Patai
Prentice-Hall, 359 pp., $9.95

MYTHS TO LIVE BY
by Joseph Campbell
Viking, 276 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Emmett Wilson, Jr.

These two books deal with the role of myth in contemporary life. Raphael Patai emphasizes in *Myth and Modern Man* what he calls the "live mythopoeic forces and processes that are at work in our culture." There is, he thinks, a fundamental identity of these forces with those that motivated man in the past. But Dr. Patai is not so much concerned about the survival of ancient myths as he is interested in how these myths re-emerge in a modern form. He wants to show that we ourselves live in as mythopoeically constructed a world as did primitive man, or Homer and Hesiod.

To demonstrate that myth making is still in process, Dr. Patai cites mythological themes of the past that have recurred in the present. He reviews the mythical properties of ambrosia and nectar, and then points out that ad men would have us believe that Coca-Cola fulfills the same functions. Patai, who has a keen sense for analogies and parallels, is able to discern mythological elements in much of current experience, pop and otherwise. Examining the roster of such recent heroes as Mickey Mouse, Clark Kent-Superman, and Tarzan, he finds in them the hero-buffoon (Herakles) of earlier mythological tales. He sees mythological parallels as well as new myths in television commercials, movies, Playboy Clubs, James Bond, James Dean, UFOs, science fiction, Father Divine, the Black Muslims, and so on. Patai draws upon a vast knowledge of mythology, and he has a sensitive eye and ear for the deeper meanings of the subliminal and apparently trivial items of contemporary life.

It is not clear, however, whether the author is proving anything more than that man has always had a penchant for magical thinking and an active fantasy life. He certainly cannot persuade us that these banalities of pop culture approach the mythologies of the past until he can establish that their function is the same and their appeal is universal.

Patai's work raises many interesting questions about the psychological sources of this contemporary myth making. Why have the new myths taken the form that we find—e.g., the rabbit as Playboy? What happens when the myths are lost or when conflicting mythologies arise? Patai is silent or unsatisfactory on these points. Psychoanalysts have claimed that student unrest and the present conflict between generations are due to the inability now to sustain a belief in hero myths of the past. These myths, shattered by the totally destructive power of nuclear weapons, can no longer provide the romantic-heroic view of death that may have influenced war making in the past. Patai should elaborate on why the young have turned to Che Guevara and to the fictitious Marion Delgado (of Weatherman fame) for their heroes. An effort by him to explain the role and function of these contemporary myths would seem more urgent than his merely showing the all-pervasiveness of myth in the commonplace.

Joseph Campbell's *Myths to Live By* is badly written. It was reworked from public lectures given at Cooper Union over many years and, as a result, retains the cloying chatter of a rather unstructured lecturer talking to an undemanding audience. Professor Campbell, moreover, is much taken with the Orient, and the East is sometimes like one LSD trip too many. One's mind gets permanently blown, and clear thinking becomes difficult. Many associations that he draws are too irrelevant to tolerate in print, though they may have gotten some chuckles from his audience. The text is a miscellaneous bundle of personal impressions or observations, together with quotes from poetry or favorite authors. And parables take the place of argument.

This is unfortunate and disappointing from Campbell. Yet if one can wade through all the fatuities, discursive autobiographical reminiscences, and irrelevant erudition about Sanskrit and Eastern religions, there is an important message. Campbell claims that the value of a mythological symbol is to "waken and give guidance to the energies of life." He is concerned with what happens when these symbols are no longer in working order. We must, he insists, acknowledge, as previous generations have, that life requires life-sustaining illusions, and that we are at the stage of discovering new symbols and mythologies for ourselves.

Not everyone would agree with Campbell in his attempts to find this new mythology in Outer Space (a new scientific understanding of the universe through space flights and exploration). Nor is his inward journey to self-understanding of Inner Space any clearer when he turns to the radical fringes of psychiatry. Nevertheless, if Campbell's new mythology is confusing and unsatisfactory, his thesis is important; we should recognize the necessity of life-supporting personal and transpersonal myths.

Emmett Wilson, Jr., M.D. is psychiatric consultant at Princeton University.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

INEBRIATES ALL

Before taking another sip, try to identify these alcoholics by their descriptions. Your sober challenger is Virginia Lane of New Holland, Illinois. The breathometer is ready for you on page 72.

1. Don Birnam ( )
2. Jack Boyle ( )
3. Miniver Cheevy ( )
4. "Papp" Finn ( )
5. Sarah Gamp ( )
6. Mr. Grogan ( )
7. Birdie Hubbard ( )
8. Dmitri Karamazov ( )
9. Noah ( )
10. Tam O'Shanter ( )
11. Eliot Rosewater ( )
12. Jamie Tyrone ( )

a. Riding homeward one night, he barely escapes from pursuing witches.
b. During his drunken orgy with a sweetheart, police charge him with murdering his father.
c. An old telegrapher on the night shift, he has to be kept awake by a boy helper.
d. A ne'er-do-well, he is the elder son in the doomed family of an aging actor.
e. The permanently intoxicated head of a wealthy foundation, he is also a volunteer fireman.
f. A bragging drunkard, he is deserted by his family when an inheritance fails to materialize.
g. On one of his longer binges this unsuccessful writer tries to pawn his typewriter.
h. This drunkard tries to keep his adventurous young son confined in an abandoned cabin.
i. Born too late, he calls it fate and keeps on drinking.
j. This midwife supports a king-size umbrella and a compulsive predilection for strong tea.
k. To escape from a cruel and grasping husband, she takes to frequent tippling.
l. This paterfamilias, sleeping after too much wine, is seen too clearly by his youngest son.

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What Does Saturday Review?

If you're not a current reader, you'd never guess.

Some people still think of SR as the Saturday Review of Literature, even though we took the "of Literature" off of our name back in 1952.

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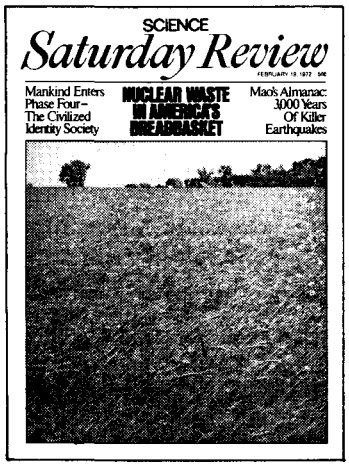
Every week, we publish a special issue, in a repeating cycle.


SCIENCE
Saturday Review
Mankind Enters Phase Four–The Civilized Identity Society
NUCLEAR WASTE IN AMERICA'S BREADBASKET
Mao's Almanac: 3000 Years Of Killer Earthquakes

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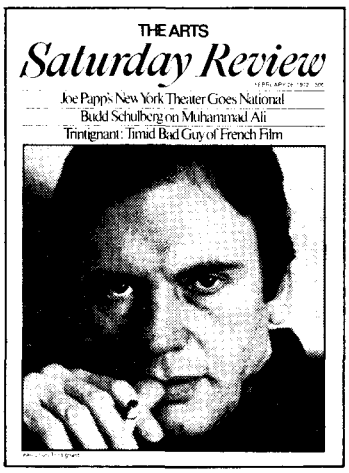
THE ARTS
Saturday Review
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Budd Schulberg on Muhammad Ali
Trintignant: Timid Bad Guy of French Film

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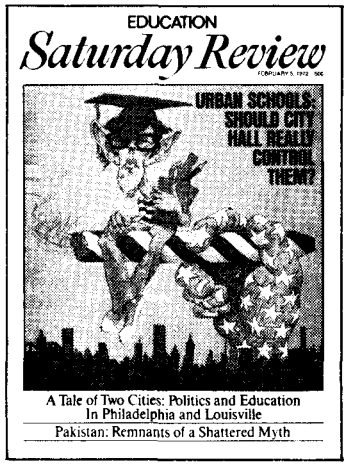
EDUCATION
Saturday Review
URBAN SCHOOLS: SHOULD CITY HALL REALLY CONTROL THEM?
A Tale of Two Cities: Politics and Education In Philadelphia and Louisville
Pakistan: Remnants of a Shattered Myth

Week three.

It is intensely readable, and very exciting.

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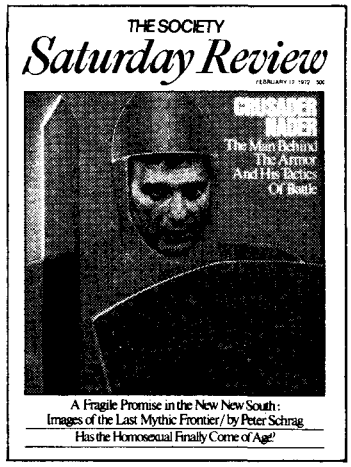
THE SOCIETY
Saturday Review
CRUSADER RABBIT
The Man Behind The Armor And His Ethics Of Battle
A Fragile Promise in the New New South: Images of the Last Mythic Frontier / by Peter Schrag
Has the Homosexual Finally Come of Age?

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THE ENORMOUS DESPAIR
by Judith Malina
Random House, 249 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Anthea Lahr

Judith Malina's *The Enormous Despair* is a diary of the Living Theatre's infamous months (August 1968–April 1969). It is nostalgic for the bad old days, which were in many ways the good old days of revolutionary fervor, busts, and radical outrages. Malina evokes the memory of the hope and excitement of those times. The assassinations, Chicago, the bombs, the burnings—America seemed to be moving toward change. It was the year of Gene McCarthy, who, for many, was an alternative. But, for Judith Malina and the radicals, McCarthy was just another politician, another "murderer," whose election might be a palliative, extending the life of the capitalist system. So the election of George Wallace or Richard Nixon was seen as hastening the revolution. Instead, the enormous despair dwindled into indifference, withdrawal, or desperate acts of futile violence that are the death throes of a once rather glorious revolutionary spirit.

In 1968 the outrageous pervaded not only politics but the arts. Jerry Rubin's schemes for the Democratic Convention—flowers dropped by helicopter, nude bodies floating in Lake Michigan, LSD in the water supply—were considered seriously enough to have the Chicago police patrolling the reservoir. Malina quotes Larry Rivers's plan for a play consonant with the spirit of the mayhem: ". . . all the actors are masturbating all the time. And the action stops when one of the actors comes. The lights go out except for a spotlight on the actor's orgasm."

The Living Theatre troupe, who were under indictment when they returned to America after a European tour, knew they would be arrested—for obscenity, for resisting arrest, or on the slightest pretext. They were first taken in in New Haven, Connecticut, and Malina's line "Eighteen days in the country and busted already" is almost wistful. Not to be busted is not to be dangerous. Those were the days when every telephone was suspect, every stranger a potential undercover agent. The Living Theatre entourage took a perverse delight in its paranoia, writing notes in case the dressing rooms were bugged.

Only very occasionally humorous ("Jackson expresses doubt that *Om* would dissuade a policeman from using violence"), Judith Malina's diary is often pretentious:

> The poverty of the aboriginal reality.
> The poetry of the aboriginal reality.
> The plastic landscape of the filling stations. . . .

But *The Enormous Despair* does have a beautiful thread of gentleness running through it. Judith and Julian Beck's baby, Isha, and the couple's allegiance to their Jewishness bring a warmth to an otherwise rather cold book. Like the Living Theatre's performances, the journal is a strange amalgam of talk about peace and love and the hostility engendered by many of the company's actions. Malina tries to be both angry and loving but almost loses her humanity in the attempt.

Now it's another election year, and instead of the anarchy that the Becks, their theater, and their allies wanted to aggravate, we have apathy. Where are the Crazies? The Motherfuckers? The Yippies? Even the Living Theatre itself is almost forgotten and become a footnote in theatrical history.

Anthea Lahr is a freelance critic.

OFF-BROADWAY:
The Prophetic Theater
by Stuart W. Little
Coward, McCann & Geoghegan,
308 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Richard Horwich

Much of what playgoers have found exciting and memorable in the Off-Broadway theater is recorded in Stuart W. Little's new book—along with much that is neither. Certainly, it is nice to be reminded of the hopefulness one used to feel, climbing some rickety Village staircase to a tiny room filled with folding chairs and the smell of fresh paint—all in such contrast to the tired opulence of the Broadway houses. Mr. Little evokes for us Geraldine Page's electrifying performance in *Summer and Smoke*, and Anne Meacham's in *Hedda Gabler*; there are revealing sketches of Jose Quintero, David Ross, Joseph Papp, Ellen Stewart, Judith Malina, and Julian Beck; we are provided with useful, if elementary, introductions to the dramaturgy of *The Blacks* and *Paradise Now*. And if, occasionally, the anecdotes have the ring of Leonard Lyons's column—or if some of them take on the "next-day-on-your-dressing-room-they-hang-a-star" quality of show-biz cliché—perhaps that is one of the unavoidable perils of writing contemporary theatrical history.

Richard Horwich has written on theater topics for scholarly and popular journals.

The title, however, indicates that the book is more than a history; it hints at a thesis. Unfortunately, hints are all that we get. "Off-Broadway is a state of mind, a set of production conditions, a way of looking at theater at every point at odds with Broadway's patterns," we are told, yet the several approaches that this formulation makes available are rarely employed. How Off-Broadway differs from Broadway (or from Off-Off-Broadway, for that matter, since a chapter is devoted to it) is never really explored, save for a few facile generalizations about the Philistinism of the "carriage trade" uptown. And when Mr. Little attempts to supply a perspective from which his data might seem significant, what sometimes emerges is pure bathos: "The beginning had been made, and the beginning was already the beginning of the end. They had felt the love that was the reward of their work, and at the same time they realized they would have to work to make certain of the love."

Verbal excesses aside, much of the book constitutes a chronological history of Off-Broadway over the past twenty years. But the chronology of Off-Broadway is relatively unimportant. Its true emblem is the phoenix, which suggests a movement characterized by a cyclical rise and fall, rather than by the sort of linear "development" that the book implies. After all, no new conception of what a play is, no distinct school of acting or direction has emerged to be chronicled, step by step, from Off-Broadway. All that is really implicit in the roll call of productions is a sense of the entrenchment of certain companies and personalities, along with a growing resemblance to Broadway in terms of increasing ticket prices and a decreasing willingness to take chances.

Mr. Little's research is exhaustive, and he calls upon a good deal of what is obviously firsthand knowledge of the personalities and events of the movement. But the prophecy of Off-Broadway—where it is headed and what it will ultimately produce—remains a mystery.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1g (*Lost Wekend*), 2f (*Juno and the Paycock*), 3i (*Robinson poem*), 4h (*Huckleberry Finn*), 5j (*Martin Chuzzlewit*), 6c (*The Human Comedy*), 7k (*The Little Foxes*), 8b, 9l, 10a (*Burns poem*), 11e (*God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater*), 12d (*Long Day's Journey Into Night*).

Answer to Wit Twister, page 66: vile, evil, live, veil, Levi, live.

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Dance

Villella: At Home and Across the Hudson

BY WALTER TERRY

Edward Villella is branching out. Although he was trained, from age nine on, at the School of American Ballet and ultimately was promoted from the classroom to the parent company, the New York City Ballet, he has never been a dance homebody. He is completely loyal to George Balanchine, the mentor of both the New York City Ballet and the School of American Ballet, and his brilliant career remains rooted in the New York City Ballet. But he is not just a municipal dancer; he is a national and even an international dancing star of the first rank. He is what we call "box-office."

Because he is box-office, he is much in demand as a guest star; and his high fees and constant journeys have enabled him to buy and furnish a posh town house in New York, purchase expensive cars, provide for a family, and, indeed, live far, far better than theater gypsies are presumed to live. At thirty-five he can survive a schedule that calls for a performance one night on the West Coast, the next night on the East Coast, and even, as was the case recently, a dash across the plaza at Lincoln Center to dance at both the State Theater and Philharmonic Hall on the same evening.

Now, Villella has not forsworn his lucrative far-from-home engagements, but he has directed his dance knowledge and great prestige to a near-to-home enterprise, the New Jersey Ballet, founded fourteen years ago by Carolyn Clark, of which she is the director and, newly, Villella the artistic adviser. Villella has performed as guest star with this semiprofessional group of approximately twenty dancers in the past. Most recently, he gave the young company his *Shostakovich Suite*, the first ballet he ever choreographed (made for the late Ted Shawn and his renowned Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival), and performed, at the Paper Mill Playhouse in Millburn, New Jersey, *Le Corsaire*, a *pas de deux* with Patricia McBride, which evoked cheers and endless applause. *Corsaire* is rather like Villella's male challenge to a coloratura aria.

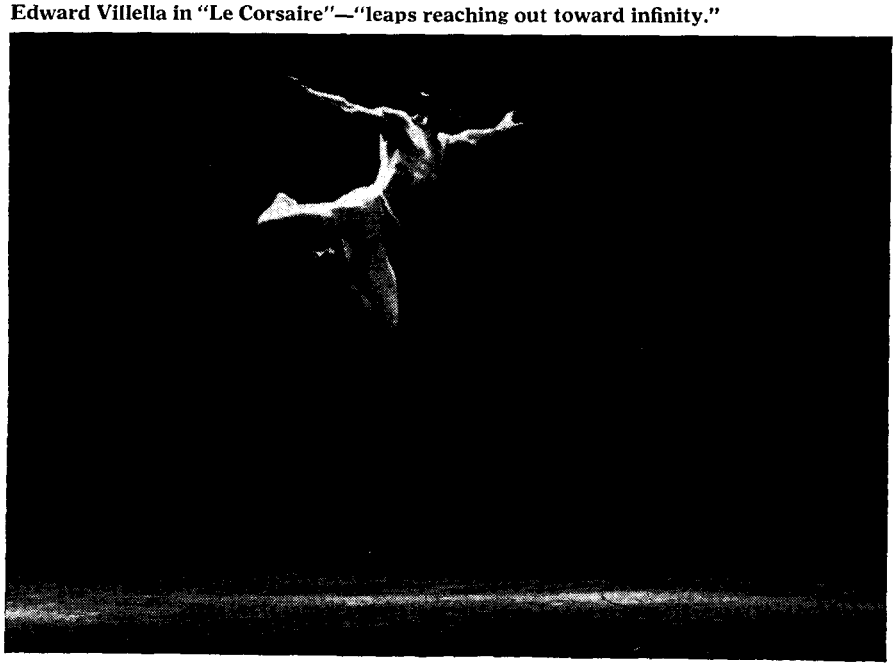
Villella will appear with the New Jersey Ballet again, but his interest goes much deeper. "Jersey is a booming state," he says, "and I want to do everything I can to help lift the New Jersey Ballet from semiprofessional to professional level, to expand its schools, to bring in new creative ideas, and to provide another major outlet for young dancers." At the last performance in New Jersey, it was announced that the Paper Mill Playhouse, long famous for its theatrical presentations, had invited the New Jersey Ballet to become the resident dance company. "This really convinced me of what could be done," Villella said. "We have a home, a built-in home, and a million-dollar expansion project will give us classrooms as well as a stage for ballet, opera, and symphony."

Miss Clark, whose school in Orange cares for 500 pupils, is planning branches throughout New Jersey—a network capable of training thousands of students. Repertory for her company? She'll have a rock ballet, a production of *Giselle* (probably with Villella and Violette Verdy as the stars), and a modern-dance masterwork. Naturally, at Christmastime, there will also be a *Nutcracker* at Paper Mill; last year there were eight sold-out performances, but this year there will be nineteen. The New Jersey Ballet is on its way not only within the "booming" state but also with plans for the Atlantic seaboard area.

As for Villella himself, he has been diligently serving the New York City Ballet. His vast public adores his virtuosity. The fans look for those leaps reaching out toward infinity, the jumps that seem to suspend him in air, the leg-beats that are echoes of action in space. But Villella is an artist. In Jerome Robbins's *Watermill*, a masterpiece of serene, contemplative imagery, Villella is the central figure. He barely moves; yet he dominates the stage. "Fifty per cent of my mail says, 'I came to see you dance, and you didn't dance,' but I feel that they know the ballets in which I do all the steps, the jumps, the tricks. *Watermill* requires incredible concentration. It came at the right time for me in my career. I'm grateful."

So, in his career, Villella finds a role of enormous importance that does not rely upon technical explosions and, across the Hudson River, a company that he will be serving as a loving, demanding, helpful, and most glamorous godfather. □

Edward Villella in "Le Corsaire"—"leaps reaching out toward infinity."



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Films

Whodunit Didn't

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

The British seem to have a special feeling about their murderers, regarding them more as eccentrics than as criminals. One of the charms of the British school of mystery-fiction writing is the way all of the characters tend to be "characters." There is probably no one in the world more bemused by the eccentric aspects of crime than the urbane, rubicund Alfred Hitchcock, nor anyone better equipped to display it. He positively revels in the depiction of a heinous murder (as in the unforgettable shower sequence from *Psycho*) and figuratively rubs his hands with delight as the finger of suspicion points inexorably in the wrong direction. The "wrong man" is a recurrent theme in the Hitchcock rubric; it is central to his latest—and also his best—film in more than a decade, *Frenzy*.

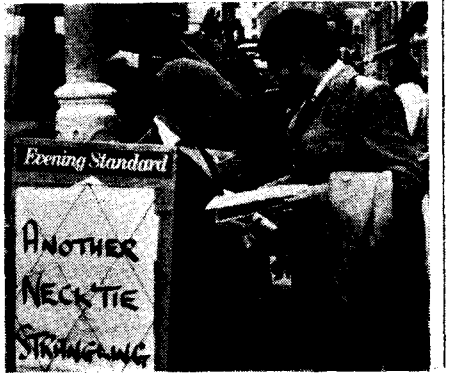
Frenzy opens with a sample of typical Hitchcock humor. A parliamentarian, speaking on the Thames Embankment, promises a small crowd of listeners that, through his efforts, London's river will soon be cleansed of pollution "and all foreign bodies." A shriek, and the crowd rushes to the wall. A "foreign body" is seen floating at the water's edge—the nude cadaver of a young woman, a striped tie knotted firmly around her throat. Cut to the film's hero, Richard Blaney, tying just such a tie about his own throat, and the audience immediately makes the intended inference.

In most pictures of this sort, where the identity of the "necktie strangler" is the whole crux of the matter, it would be breaking the critic's "boy scout oath" to reveal the film's ending. Not so in *Frenzy*. For the next half hour or so Hitchcock seems to be confirming our already aroused suspicions. Blaney is fired from his job in a pub, presumably for cadging drinks at the bar first thing in the morning. He drops in on a friend at a Covent Garden fruit stall, but he abruptly disappears when a constable stops by. At lunchtime we overhear two solicitors discussing the mental make-up of the "necktie strangler," while nearby Blaney gulps a whisky. One cannot tell whether Blaney has heard them too, but everything they say seems to fit our man. A bit later, calling on his former wife, he flies into a bitter rage in her office and then repeats the scene that evening while he has dinner with her at her club. There are witnesses to both episodes. Next day the wife is found murdered, a necktie around her neck.

By this time, however, we know with a certainty that Blaney is not the killer. The killer is Rusk, his friend from the fruit stall. But since Hitchcock had first managed to convince us of Blaney's guilt, how can Blaney ever hope to convince the police of his innocence? Particularly since there are all sorts of people prepared to offer circumstantial evidence against him. For a further twist of the noose, Blaney thinks that Rusk is the only one he can safely call upon for help and advice. As a final irony, Blaney, convicted of Rusk's crime, swears that, since he is in prison for murder anyway, he will escape and kill his treacherous pal. He has, after all, nothing to lose. He makes good his threat just as the police find proof of his innocence.

All of this has been scripted with unflagging ingenuity by Anthony Shaffer, the author of last season's Broadway success *Sleuth* (with a strong, if uncredited, assist from Hitchcock himself). The characters, whether major or minor, are firmly drawn and fascinatingly dimensioned. Indeed, one of the sharpest pleasures in *Frenzy* comes from the supporting roles—such as the long-suffering inspector, whose wife fancies herself a gourmet chef; or Mrs. Blaney's sharp-nosed, sharp-eyed secretary, who maliciously tells the police just a little more than she knows; or even Mrs. Blaney, who in a few brief scenes, reveals herself to be a woman of considerable charm, ability, and compassion.

Read all about it.



But the best thing about *Frenzy* is that it brings back Alfred Hitchcock at the top of his form. Perhaps the decision to film in his beloved London had something to do with this. There is a feeling that he not only knows his locations—the pubs, the clubs, the hotels, the open parks—but also knows how to use them. Covent Garden is located directly across from Henrietta Street, where venerable publishing houses let the rooms above their offices to tenants—a marvelously respectable front for Rusk's nefarious deeds. Blaney's trial is held in the actual Old Bailey Courthouse, not a reproduction, and Hitchcock uses its swinging doors to avoid the clichés of most courtroom procedures. A dialogue between Blaney and a compliant barmaid in a public park is grimly observed by a friend of Blaney's former wife from the balcony of her suite at the London Hilton. For Hitchcock, this return to London is a matter of knowing not so much where to find colorful backdrops as where to find settings that function for his script.

Also, because London is a great theater town, he was able to cast his film without calling upon actors and actresses who have become stereotyped through years of film or television exposure. Thus, Jon Finch, who starred in the title role of Roman Polanski's *Macbeth*, is a comparatively unknown quantity when first we meet him—unlike, say, such past Hitchcock regulars as Cary Grant and James Stewart, who couldn't possibly be suspected of any wrongdoing. Similarly, Barry Foster, who plays Rusk and looks strikingly like Michael Caine, gives no hint of a sinister side. He fools us; he could as easily fool the police. No less impressive are the supporting roles, filled by such seasoned performers as Anna Massey, Vivien Merchant, Billie Whitelaw, Alec McCowen, and Bernard Cribbins. To watch Cribbins, who, with a minimum of dialogue, brings a lecherous, vindictive, small-minded barkeeper to life, is of itself a lesson in what a fine actor can do with a small part.

There are, of course, the expected Hitchcock touches and Hitchcock humor. But the great thing is that everything works. For me, *Frenzy* is Hitchcock's best since *North by Northwest*, and *North by Northwest* I have always counted among my favorite Hitchcocks. □

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Theater

Summer Summary

BY HENRY HEWES

Except for the sad news from Victoria, British Columbia, that its lively "Victoria Fair" will be abandoned after three seasons, this summer's repertory schedule is as strong as ever. Some of these programs are listed on the right. At Stratford, Connecticut, Jane Alexander will play the title role in *Major Barbara* and Paul Hecht and Salome Jens the lovers in *Antony and Cleopatra*. New York City's Central Park will see Stacy Keach as Hamlet. And at the Oregon Shakespearean Festival, where Keach sprang to prominence nine years ago, the use of a second theater now permits the avid theatergoer to see six plays in three days.

The list of festivals is by no means complete. For instance, one of the most interesting projects this summer will take place at Lakewood, Ohio (near Cleveland), where the Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival will bring Charles Marowitz from England to stage his celebrated college version of *Hamlet*. Marowitz shatters the play into a thousand pieces and attempts to glue them together in a new shape that nevertheless will retain the spirit of the original. The schedule at Lakewood snowballs into a cumulative rotating repertory, as it adds new productions at intervals. It includes *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (July 7), *The Beggar's Opera* (July 12), *Richard III* (July 26), *Hamlet* (August 9), and *Electra* (August 25), evenings except Monday, matinees Saturday and Sunday through September 23.

A similar system is used in Kansas City by the Missouri Repertory Theater, which will combine *Murder in the Cathedral* (June 29), *Cat Among the Pigeons* (July 6), *Barefoot in the Park* (July 13), *Long Day's Journey Into Night* (July 20), *The House of Blue Leaves* (August 3), and *Borstal Boy* (August 10), evenings except Monday, matinees Sunday through September 24. In Madison, New Jersey, the New Jersey Shakespeare Festival will offer a cumulative rotating repertory of *The Taming of the Shrew* (June 27), *Beyond the Fringe* (July 1), *The Hostage* (July 5), *Troilus and Cressida* (July 16), and *The Bourgeois Gentleman* (July 28), every evening through September 3.

A slightly different system will be employed by the Shaw Festival at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, near Buffalo. After *The Royal Family of Broadway* closes on July 9, the Shaw Festival will offer *Getting Married* and *Misalliance* in alternating repertory from July 16 through September 3, evenings except Sunday and Monday, matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

In Waterford, Connecticut, the Eugene O'Neill Memorial Foundation Theater will stage fourteen new plays between July 9 and August 6. The 1972–73 American Playwrights' Theater selection, N. Richard Nash's *Echoes*, will have pilot productions at the University of Minnesota (July 6-8, 13-15) and at A Contemporary Theatre, Inc., in Seattle, Washington (August 8-19). □

Summer Repertory Schedule, 1972

AMERICAN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL THEATRE Stratford, Connecticut	*Julius Caesar* *Antony and Cleopatra* *Major Barbara*	Through Sept. 3 in daily rotation Eves. except Sun., Mon. Mats. Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun.
ASOLO STATE THEATER COMPANY Sarasota, Florida	*The Front Page* *Dracula* *The House of Blue Leaves* *The Matchmaker* *The Devil's Disciple* (June 9) *War and Peace* (June 30) *The Time of Your Life* (July 28)	Through Sept. 3 in daily rotation Eves. except Mon. Mats. Wed., Sat. and during August also Tues.
CHAMPLAIN SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Burlington, Vermont	*The Merry Wives of Windsor* *As You Like It* *Titus Andronicus*	July 26-Sept. 2 in daily rotation Eves. except Sun. Mats. Sat.
COLORADO SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL Boulder, Colorado	*Volpone* *Antony and Cleopatra* *The Winter's Tale*	July 28-Aug. 13 in daily rotation Every evening
GLOBE OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST Odessa, Texas	*Romeo and Juliet* *The Taming of the Shrew* *The School for Wives*	Through Aug. 20 In daily rotation Eves. except Mon.
GUTHRIE THEATRE Minneapolis, Minnesota	*A Midsummer Night's Dream* (July 7) *Of Mice and Men* (July 10) *The Relapse* (July 12) *An Italian Straw Hat* (Sept. 12) *Oedipus the King* (Oct. 17)	July 7-Nov. 25 in daily rotation Eves. except Sun. Mats. Wed., Sat.
NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL New York, New York	*Hamlet* (June 20-July 16) *Ti-Jean and His Brothers* (July 20-Aug. 6) *Much Ado About Nothing* (Aug. 10-Sept. 3)	Through Sept. 3 Eves. except Mon.
OREGON SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL Ashland, Oregon	*The Taming of the Shrew* (Eves.) *Love's Labour's Lost* (Eves.) *Henry IV, Part 2* (Eves.) *Troilus and Cressida* (Mats.) *Uncle Vanya* (Mats.) *The Crucible* (Mats.)	June 24-Sept. 10 Every evening Every matinee in daily rotation
SAN DIEGO NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL San Diego, California	*The Merry Wives of Windsor* *Love's Labour's Lost* *Richard III* (July 11)	Through Sept. 17 in daily rotation Eves. except Mon. Mats. Wed., Sat., Sun.
STRATFORD SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL OF CANADA Stratford, Ontario	*As You Like It* *Lorenzaccio* *King Lear* *She Stoops to Conquer* (July 25)	Through Oct. 21 in daily rotation Eves. except Sun. Mats. Wed., Sat.
STRATFORD FESTIVAL (at Avon Theatre) Stratford, Ontario	*The Threepenny Opera* (June 30-July 29) *La Guerre, Yes Sir!* (Aug. 4-Sept. 2)	Eves. except Sun. Mats. Wed., Sat.
UTAH SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL Cedar City, Utah	*The Winter's Tale* *The Comedy of Errors* *King Lear*	July 13-Aug. 12 in daily rotation Eves. except Sun.

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The Legendary Lily

BY IRVING KOLODIN

The eternal mystery of what makes one performer average, another unusual, and a third exceptional cast an unexpected fascination over one of this year's Philharmonic Promenades at Lincoln Center, conducted for the tenth year by their inventor and only exponent, Andre Kostelanetz. It was clearly some form of what the French term *blague* that prompted Kostelanetz to decorate the event with the reappearance, after years of nonsinging, of a soprano described as Lily Pons.

A likely story, sneered the cynical; the true Lily Pons celebrated the end of twenty-five years of Metropolitan Opera singing more than fifteen years ago, sang only a few concerts thereafter, and has since enjoyed a well-earned retirement in the playgrounds of the well-to-do. At one time it was Palm Springs, California; at another in the area of Dallas, Texas. Why should she even consider exposing her still lovely neck to the chopping block of a New York appearance at an age—admittedly sixty-eight and perhaps unadmittedly more—when most sopranos are content to teach what they can no longer preach? Clearly this was an impostor to lure the gullible.

But the program made apparent at least one "why" of this happening. Nineteen seventy-two has been the year of Joan Sutherland's great triumph as Marie in Donizetti's *La Fille du régiment*. When the work was last performed at the old Met, in 1942, it was with Lily Pons as Marie. As has been noted in conjunction with other roles they share—Amina in Bellini's *La Sonnambula* as well as Lucia in Donizetti's sad tale of the Ashtons and Ravenswoods—there are as many ways of stitching together the notes of these parts as there are of embroidering a precious fabric. To Pons, there was only the one, the authentic kind of needlework, and that was petit point.

For my suspicious mind, it was at least to demonstrate that whatever form of homespun Sutherland practiced it was petit point that Donizetti demanded, which caused Miss Pons to

Pons—"a fine night for the human body."

begin her four-part effort with "Chacun le sait" and end it with "Salut à la France," both from *La Fille*.

Radiating chic, as ever, beautifully clad in pink-and-white organza lace, coiffed in what appeared to be a lacquered black wig, and cosmeticized to an almost doll-like finish, Miss Pons made an entrance that could only have been the product of nearly fifty years' practice in perfecting the unreality that is every true *prima donna*. The exquisite way in which she was turned out assured her a triumph by sight alone.

If those who know her long and well could scarcely believe what they saw, they were truly taken aback by what they heard. Take it from one who grew up in the critical business listening to, wondering at, and sometimes complaining about Lily Pons, she had, literally decades ago, often done herself less justice than she did this May 31. It was a kind of afterglow, a final flaring up of the barely smoldering vocal flame, a stirring about of the all but exhausted embers that recalled the equally memorable exhibition—and perhaps the last previous one of its kind—that the great baritone Giuseppe de Luca gave in Town Hall in 1947, aged seventy.

Some who had never heard the Pons voice in its prime might have concluded that what they heard in Philharmonic Hall, charming as it sounded and discreetly amplified as it was, could hardly be more than a pale echo of the quality with which a great reputation had been made. The fact is that hers was always a sound *for* which, as well as *to* which, one had to listen. Exquisite in its purity, it was really no more in quantity than one might have expected from the tiny frame out of which it emerged.

Was this Promenade performance some form of artifice, manufactured for the occasion? Not really. Let's guess that it was very carefully prepared, painstakingly rehearsed, and produced out of a considerable background of vocal rest and rejuvenation. When Miss Pons was new to the Met a mere forty years ago, an eminent critic of the time attributed her unexpected success—she came carefully unheralded—to "the astonishment and delight of an assembly which found on the Metropolitan stage a new singer who could actually sing."

In paying tribute to a soprano with "a technic far above the slovenly average of today," the same critic (W. J. Henderson) added: "Miss Pons has precious gifts. Someday she may be a great singer." Had Henderson lived to hear her sing Bachelet's "Chère nuit" or Ponce's "Estrellita" at this Promenade with more artistry at nearly seventy than when she was "getting by" on her "precious gifts" and a "technic far above the . . . average" at forty, that same connoisseur might have said, without either malice or surprise, "Why not? Lilli Lehmann was singing Violetta at sixty, Mattia Battistini was giving recitals in London at sixty-six, and old Schumann-Heink could still declaim Erda's part in *Siegfried* at the Met when she was past seventy."

What is too seldom remembered about singing is that, basically, it is a form of muscular discipline like any athletic endeavor. Durability is as much a part of the exceptional singer as it is of the exceptional ballplayer, and, at bottom, the name of both games is technique. Miss Pons had it at twenty-six, and she still has it at sixty-eight, as her lively version of Delibes's "Les Filles de Cadiz," among other encores, demonstrated. It was, in all, a fine night for the human body, with Miss Pons—whose performance, it is understood, was being filmed for possible TV use—preceded by dancers Patricia McBride and Edward Villella in a vital sequence of excerpts from Khachaturian's *Gayne*. Kostelanetz did his share of the evening's work with a rapport bred of twenty years' domestic as well as musical partnership with the former Mrs. K. □

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"Hommage à Fromage"

BY RENÉ LECLER

In one of his frequent moments of annoyance at the waywardness of the French voter, the late General de Gaulle is reported to have exclaimed: "How can one govern a country that produces three hundred sixty-five different kinds of cheese!" *Le Général*'s mood may have been understandable, but his statistics were wrong: The official number is actually 322, which is still enough *fromage* to go around the world's tables quite a few times. From the superb Camembert, the king of cheeses, to the lowliest *chèvre*, the range of French cheeses is immense; they come in all shapes and sizes: great cartwheels; tough, bunchy squares; creamy bundles the size of a plate; and small, bizarre, truncated pyramids whose overpowering effluvium is enough to produce room to move on the busiest commuter train.

Nobody makes cheese like the French. The Germans and the Danes, being rational, northern people, have tried for years to imitate Camembert, but to taste their product next to the real thing is to realize the difference between a plastic rose and one out of your garden.

The British, who produce at least one cheese of world renown—the delicious Stilton—denigrate the French variety but eat literally tons of it.

Not long ago I made a cheese pilgrimage to Normandy to find out the truth about Camembert and, incidentally, other cheeses along the way. I discovered that Camembert has a most romantic history.

It was originally a blue-veined cheese that farmers' wives used to ripen in the dark recesses of their kitchens. But that was before love took a hand. In 1810, while Napoleon was still rampaging through Europe, a farmer's daughter named Marie Harel, living in the small village of Camembert in the department of Orne, fell in love with a neighbor named Victor Paynel. While she was making her weekly batch of cheese, she obviously had her mind on other things and forgot to put in the vital ingredient that would make the cheese into a blue. Her cheese turned out all white, and no doubt poor Marie Harel was suitably admonished—until someone began tasting it. The soft, creamy texture, firm and yet pliant under the knife, was delicious, and Marie Harel's fame was made.

I had some trouble finding Camembert—even on French maps—and for good reason. There are only four farmhouses, a small church, a *mairie*, which doubles as the post office, and not even a gendarme. I sought out the church verger and asked him what he knew about Marie Harel. "She is over there. . . ." He pointed at the churchyard; and, after some searching through the jungle of Normandy green, we found her tomb with an epitaph that read: *"Marie Harel,* 1791–1845. *Elle inventa le Camembert.* R.I.P."

R.I.P., indeed. I thought it was not much of an epitaph for a slip of a girl who had founded an industry that now manufactures half a million cheeses a day. I was wrong. In the nearby little town of Vimoutiers someone early in the 1900s raised a statue to Marie Harel. In 1944 Vimoutiers was right in the path of the American advance into Normandy, and much of it, including Marie Harel, became a heap of rubble. After the war the American government gave money for Marie Harel's statue to be re-erected, and there she is today, reigning over the market place.

And so I went on with my cheese pilgrimage through the famed Pays d'Auge, the heart of the Normandy cheese country, and paid my respects to Pont l'Evêque—birthplace of the noble cheese of the same name, often preferred by the real gastronomes—and I even visited the small village of Livarot, whose pungent product one can smell a quarter of a mile away. At Falaise, birthplace of William the Conqueror and well known to American soldiers for other reasons, I sat down to a Gargantuan six-course meal, which cost me $3, Camembert and wine inevitably included, at the Hôtel de la Poste. I went on to Lisieux, where, at the Restaurant Parc, I had *dodine de canard, crêpes soufflées,* and some memorable Pont l'Evêque.

Eventually, my cheese pilgrimage took me to other parts of France, such as Brie Comte Robert, whose cheese, in great, round, flat slabs, often two feet across, is historically the most famous cheese in France. At one time it was made exclusively for the French kings, and when Louis XVI, fleeing from the Revolution, was arrested at Varennes, he pleaded, not for his crown, but for *un peu de brie et du vin rouge.*

Not to be outdone by royalty, French Trappist monks in northern Touraine have been making Port Salut cheese for 150 years. They began in 1816 with four cows. By last year they were making 200,000 cheeses annually. In Savoy I sampled two great cheeses, *reblochon,* which is hard-skinned but deliciously soft inside, and the famous *tomme aux raisins,* a blander cheese coated on the outside with dried grape pips.

Roquefort enthusiasts maintain that their cheese used to be the favorite of Popes when pontiffs reigned in exile at Avignon in the Middle Ages—all this because the famous caves of Roquefort in the Massif Central belonged to them. Admittedly, as a blue cheese, Roquefort is in a class by itself. In one of the caves near the village I asked one of the makers what it was that encouraged the blue mold to spread right through each big cheese. "First of all, the dampness of the atmosphere," he told me. "Also, the fact that we keep a cheese on its shelf up to six months, and every second morning each has to be delicately turned upside down."

In certain instances a cheese may only be known locally in two or three villages; in others it becomes virtually a state secret, with its carefully guarded recipe handed down through ten or twelve generations and surrounded by mystical gestures. In Brie I met a farmer's wife who made her *coulommiers* only on dull, sunless days. All this is well in context in a country where *vive la différence* applies to food as well as to you know what.

The French, of course, eat their cheese differently from the Anglo-Saxons. Because it is a crime to drink good wine after dessert and because good cheese cannot be appreciated without good wine, the cheese course in any French meal comes last but one. And one does not eat it with crackers but with large chunks of crusty French loaf liberally dappled with that slightly salty, nutty-flavored Normandy butter. It's enough to make your mouth water. Fortunately, my cheese pilgrimage isn't finished yet. □

René Lecler is the travel editor of *Harper's Queen* in London.

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Phoenix Nest

Standing Ovation

EDITED BY MARTIN LEVIN

Everybody who reads the newspapers or attends almost any kind of public activity must be aware of the tremendous upsurge of standing ovations in recent years. I don't think there has ever been a time in our history when we've had so many.

It's a pity. Not so long ago the standing ovation was reserved for special occasions. A man might go through a long lifetime and not count more than five or six decent ones he had witnessed. There were people, more than we ever knew, who had never seen even one.

To participate in a standing ovation was a memorable emotional experience in those days. A standing ovation was a serious, even solemn, enthusiastic recognition of merit and achievement not to be thrown away lightly.

The one I recall with the keenest pleasure was a standing ovation for a horse. It was at the Bryn Mawr or the Devon horse show on the Philadelphia Main Line. The horse was an exceptional animal, a chestnut gelding or a black mare, I'm not sure which, that had won one of the big races and had been bought by a Philadelphian.

Many of the details are now a blur. I've forgotten the name of the horse as well as the name of the horseman, but the day itself remains a happy memory. The horse was treated with unusual deference—the man, of course, was among friends—and we all removed our hats even before the band began playing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

After the music the horse was led by the owner around the small enclosure to allow everybody to get a better look. There was much applause. Now that I see it more calmly, I think this was the finest standing ovation I have ever known.

It was extremely polite and orderly, and the emotional content was controlled. Horses, of course, always commanded great respect on the Main Line even when their owners didn't. No one at this standing ovation shouted Bravo! And the horse maintained the characteristic poise of a good horse.

I have also been present several times in St. Peter's Basilica in Rome when Pope Paul VI has received a standing ovation, mainly from people who were on their feet to start with. These are deeply moving affairs. I'm afraid that can't be said for the common run of standing ovations today. Maybe Nixon can change it.

John Ferris

"What do you mean you're taking up a collection for poor old Grimley? I'm poor old Grimley!"

Love It, or Leave It Alone!

The way things are going, obviously the flag should be stenciled on every football manufactured this year; it really has been kicked around.

If it's possible to leave Superpatriots and the New Left on the sidelines for a moment, there are some very interesting *facts* about the flag that not even Spiro Agnew may be aware of.

For instance, no one knows who designed the first official U.S. flag, although it was almost surely not Betsy Ross. The probable designer was one Francis Hopkinson, who received a sum of less than $100 for his work.

The red in the flag is generally accepted as representing hardiness and courage; the white, purity and innocence; and the blue, vigilance, perseverance, and justice.

Flag-mania fans will be unhappy to learn that it is not lawful to depict a flag with a legend such as "Love It or Leave It" or "Stand Up for America." In fact, any legend or message above, below, or next to the flag is illegal.

To wear the flag as a garment is illegal, and so is the printing of stickers that show the flag next to a politician's name (take note, Mr. Buckley).

The flag's design is not to be altered in any way. This means that having the peace symbol instead of the stars in the canton is out of order. So is the ecology flag of green and white stars and stripes.

A national flag should not be embroidered on such articles as cushions or handkerchiefs; it should not be printed on paper napkins, boxes, or other throw-away objects, and it should never be used for advertising.

What all these regulations seem to boil down to is simply that the flag was meant to be just that: a flag, nothing more. Not a club, or a chest thumper, or a cause for disunity. Somewhat ironically, it is also a fact that many of the cheaper lapel flags chauvinistically displayed were made in Japan.

John Farris

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QUALITY ALL SEASON recreational, rural properties: Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Free Brochure. Box G-84.

(Continued on page 86)

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(Continued from page 85)

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

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VACATIONS

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SIXTH ANNUAL WRITING WORKSHOP—for people over 57, August 6th-12th, at University of Kentucky. Sections in Script Adaptation, Donna Turner; Poetry, Lillie Chaffin; Nonfiction, Don Whitehead; Fiction, Gurney Norman. For brochure: Council on Aging, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Kentucky 40506.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

LONDON THEATRE WORKSHOP 1972. Exciting vacation/study Imperial College, London University. Action Seminars; British and American Staffs. $545. Theatre Trips include Stratford. Box 7124, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin 53213. 414-771-4363.

WRITERS' WORKSHOP. New England College. July 10th-15th. Writers in residence will include May Sarton (fiction), William Jay Smith (poetry), David McCord (poetry), Bert Hersh (nonfiction), Ted Walker (British poetry), Newton F. Tolman (local history). Total cost including room and board, $270. For further information, write Professor W. K. Robinson, New England College, Henniker, New Hampshire 03242.

VERMONT SUMMER ARTS CENTER for amateurs and professionals. Chamber music, arts, crafts, dance, yoga. Weekly session, or longer, June 25th-August 20th. Creative vacation on a college campus in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Write: Anne Allen, Executive Secretary, Lyndon State College, Lyndonville, Vermont 05851.

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By Thomas M. Middleton

Kingsley Double-Crostic

No. 1994

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Destroy the vigor of	16 23 42 54 152 174 31 81
B. Pitiable, deplorable	104 168 181 29 96 110
C. Mischievous	111 123 149 171 5 133
D. River flowing into the Ouse S of Ely, England	169 2 33
E. Eng. composer (1685-1759; "Atalanta", "Serse")	114 159 182 27 50 73
F. Ill-considered, inane	79 86 118 180 11 30 41
G. Settled	47 91 106 136 148 163
H. Algerian port	179 119 8 40
I. Hooks, paws, dukes	58 97 143 155 165
J. Fr. political economist who conceived the idea of the Common Market	1 12 60 76 99 166
K. Get cracking; fire away (2 wds.)	37 55 103 122 112 128
L. Came to a halt (2 wds.)	147 172 177 18 43 63
M. Armed guard	105 116 131 161 151 15
N. Giraudoux play	65 85 121 178 13 25
O. Oppose by contrary proof or argument	130 139 52 34 66

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. Capital of Epirus, Greece (var. sp.)	74 83 98 109 125 173 14
Q. Conceitedly dogmatic	39 7 100 145 19 44 64 89 170 184 56
R. Freedom from difficulty; dexterity	162 36 82 134 45 4 102 160
S. Kind, pleasant	48 62 32 59 70 126 140
T. Young waiter who serves liquors	21 71 84 69 135 150 176 46
U. Lump, mass; tar	93 129 117
V. Marauded	154 6 38 77 94 61
W. Book subtitled "The Pourtraicture of His Sacred Majestie in His Solitudes and Sufferings", supposedly by Dr. John Gauden (2 wds.)	164 22 90 137 68 17 92 9 142 127 78 141 156
X. Lay off! Knock it off! (2 wds.)	51 107 57 124 108 146
Y. "King of Comedy"	10 26 175 3 153 87 49
Z. Enraged	144 95 183 120 101 138 132 157
Z¹. Book by Wendell Willkie (2 wds.)	53 24 113 158 28 167 35 72
Z². Dwelling place of the prophets to which David fled from Saul (I Sam. 19-20)	20 75 115 67 88 80

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

							1 J	2 D	3 Y		4 R	5 C		6 V		7 Q		
8 H	9 W	10 Y	11 F	12 J	13 N	14 P	15 M	16 A		17 W	18 L	19 Q	20 Z²	21 T		22 W		
23 A		24 Z¹	25 N	26 Y	27 E		28 Z¹	29 B		30 F	31 A	32 S	33 D	34 O	35 Z¹	36 R		
37 K	38 V	39 Q	40 H		41 F	42 A		43 L	44 Q	45 R	46 T	47 G	48 S	49 Y	50 E	51 X		
	52 O	53 Z¹	54 A	55 K	56 Q	57 X	58 I		59 S	60 J	61 V		62 S	63 L	64 Q	65 N		
66 O	67 Z²	68 W	69 T		70 S	71 T	72 Z¹	73 E	74 P		75 Z²	76 J	77 V		78 W	79 F		
	80 Z²	81 A		82 R	83 P	84 T	85 N	86 F	87 Y		88 Z²	89 Q	90 W	91 G		92 W		
	93 U	94 V	95 Z	96 B	97 I	98 P	99 J		100 Q	101 Z	102 R	103 K	104 B	105 M	106 G	107 X		
	108 X	109 P		110 B	111 C	112 K	113 Z¹		114 E	115 Z²	116 M		117 U	118 F	119 H	120 Z		
121 N	122 K	123 C		124 X	125 P	126 S	127 W		128 K	129 U	130 O	131 M	132 Z		133 C	134 R		
135 T		136 G	137 W		138 Z	139 O	140 S	141 W		142 W	143 I		144 Z	145 Q		146 X		
147 L	148 G		149 C	150 T	151 M	152 A	153 Y	154 V	155 I	156 W	157 Z		158 Z¹	159 E	160 R			
161 M	162 R		163 G	164 W	165 I	166 J	167 Z¹	168 B	169 D	170 Q	171 C	172 L	173 P		174 A	175 Y		
176 T		177 L	178 N	179 H	180 F	181 B	182 E	183 Z	184 Q									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 61 of this issue.

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7cars for 7 brothers.

Wyatt paints Mother Nature. To carry his paints and canvases around with him, he needed a car with a large trunk. The Audi has the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV. This amazed Wyatt since the Audi is much shorter than the Lincoln.

Bernard has a problem. Not only doesn't he take care of himself (a button missing here, a cuff link lost there), he doesn't take care of his car either. No wonder he wanted a car that gets the expert service of a Volkswagen. The Audi does because it's part of the VW organization. (Now if we could only get Bernard to take care of himself.)

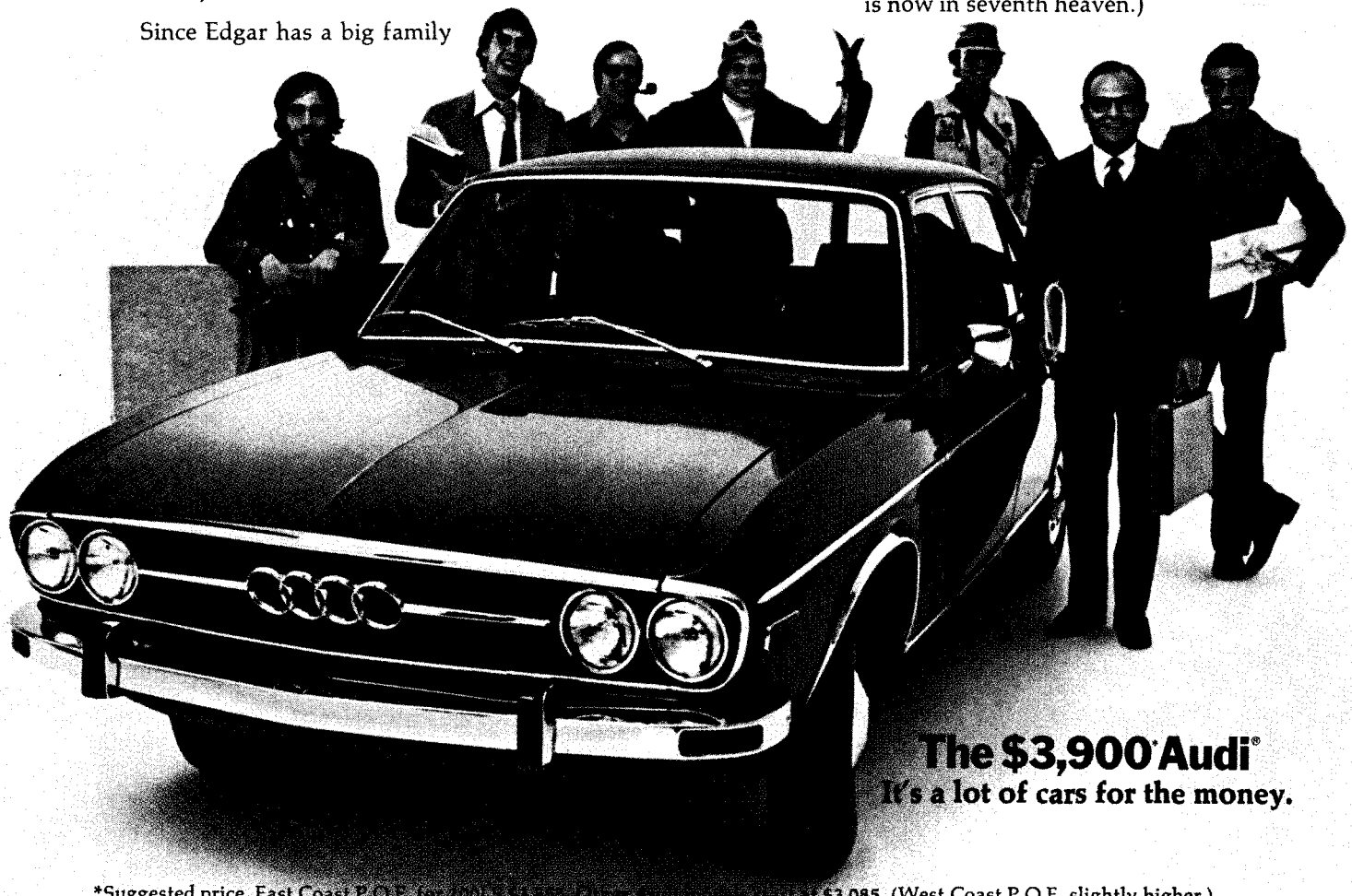
Since Edgar has a big family (a boy, a girl, a wife, and a mother-in-law who likes to go for rides), he needed a car with lots of room. The Audi has just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow. (Edgar sees a lot more of his mother-in-law now.)

Rolf is a first-class skier. He gets to where he's going because the Audi, like the Cadillac Eldorado, has front-wheel drive to give him the traction he needs to get through the snow to the snow.

Fishing, camping and taming the rapids are Duke's way of life. He wanted a car that could handle mountain roads and get him up to his cabin comfortably. Because the Audi has independent front suspension like the Aston Martin, Duke gets peace of mind as well as peace of body.

Meet Geoffrey the banker. To impress his associates, he wanted a car with a plush interior. Since the Audi's interior bears such an uncanny resemblance to that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, Geoffrey is now a Senior Vice-President.

Nothing pleases Lance more than pleasing women. He knows the fuss they make over racing car drivers. He also knows the Audi has the same type of steering system as the racing Ferrari. (Ursula is now in seventh heaven.)



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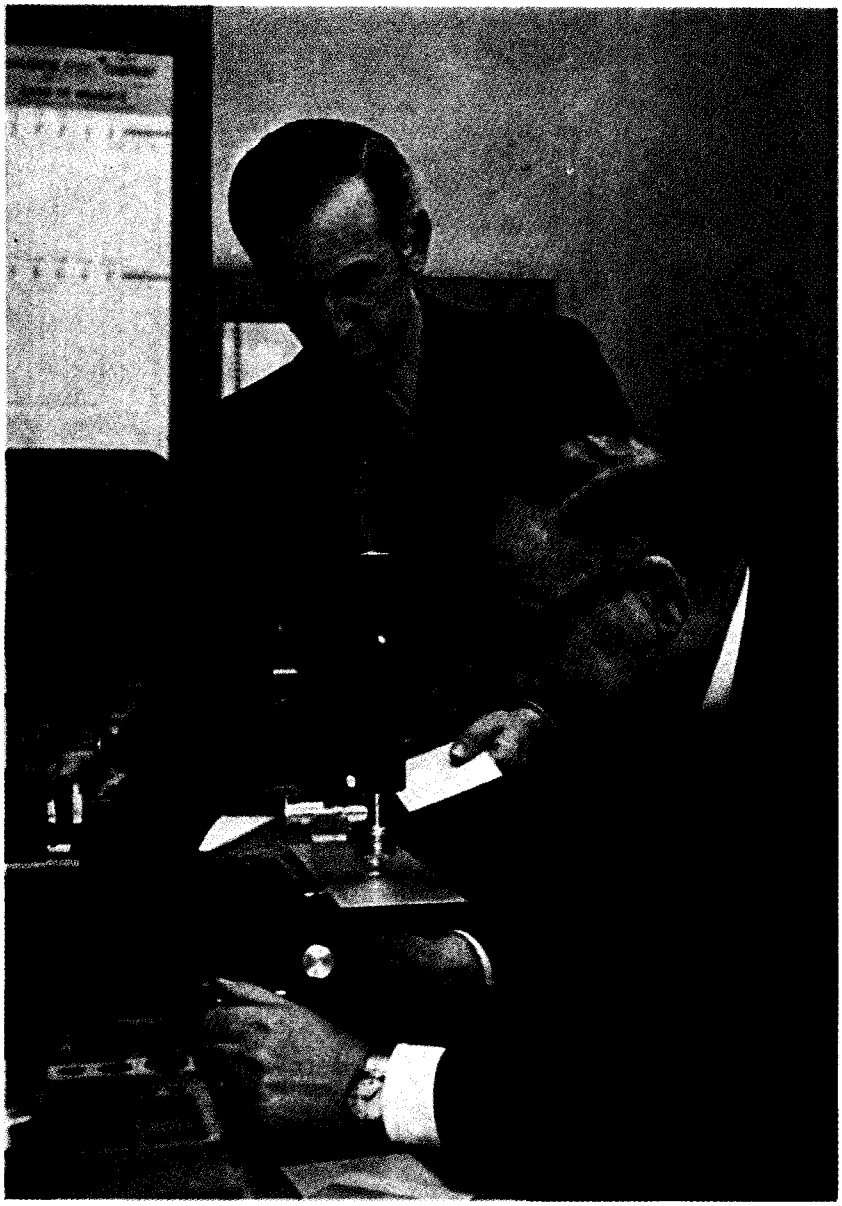
Researchers Horton and Borzillo invent a new way to protect steel sheet



Jim Horton and Angie Borzillo are among some 750 scientists and technicians who staff our Homer Research Laboratories. Several years ago, these two researchers began to investigate how they could devise a "marriage" of zinc and aluminum. They wanted to come up with a corrosion-resistant coating for steel sheet that would capitalize on the advantages of each metal.

After painstaking experiments—and many disappointments—they found the ideal blend of zinc and aluminum. And they also worked out a practical method of applying the new coating to the steel sheet. The result is a highly effective coated sheet that resists corrosion at an economical price . . . for air conditioners, automobile exhaust systems, industrial roofing and siding.

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So now Bethlehem has a bright new sheet steel called Galvalume.

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